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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, November 21, 1928. Volume 150, Number 12, Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by The Outlook Company.

ONE THING, among others, which the recent campaign has made very evident is the fact that great numbers of people in this country are dissatisfied with the present workings of the Volstead Act; and that practically all would like to know if any change which would genuinely promote temperance and not bring back the saloon is possible or practical.

IN THE PRESENT state of affairs, however, genuine, reliable and complete information on the subject is very difficult to secure. No nation wide, impartial investigation has been made. In practically all cases of incomplete investigation, bias is evident in the presentation of whatever scattered facts have been ascertained.

IN THIS SITUATION, it seems to us, the time is now at hand when the one agency which is in a position to gather all the facts should do so—and present them to the people of the country. We mean the Government.

CERTAINLY the directors of any business which had been conducting an experiment would begin to consider it necessary to make some report to their stockholders once the experiment had been in process for over seven and a half years. Such a report might show that the experiment's chances of ultimate success were good enough to warrant not only continuing the experiment but making a larger appropriation for it. Or it might show that so many factors were against it that it should be abandoned for another method of attaining the desired result.

TO OUR MIND Mr. Hoover could do nothing better calculated to enhance his reputation as a clear-sighted leader than to recommend such an investigation to Congress in his first address next March. Certainly no one is better fitted than he to advise on such a report on the great experiment, as he has termed it. And we know of no one whose statements would be received with greater confidence.

LET US HAVE the real facts on enforcement: its results, achievements and difficulties. And let Americans stop abusing each other on the subject and impugning each other's motives, ethics and principles.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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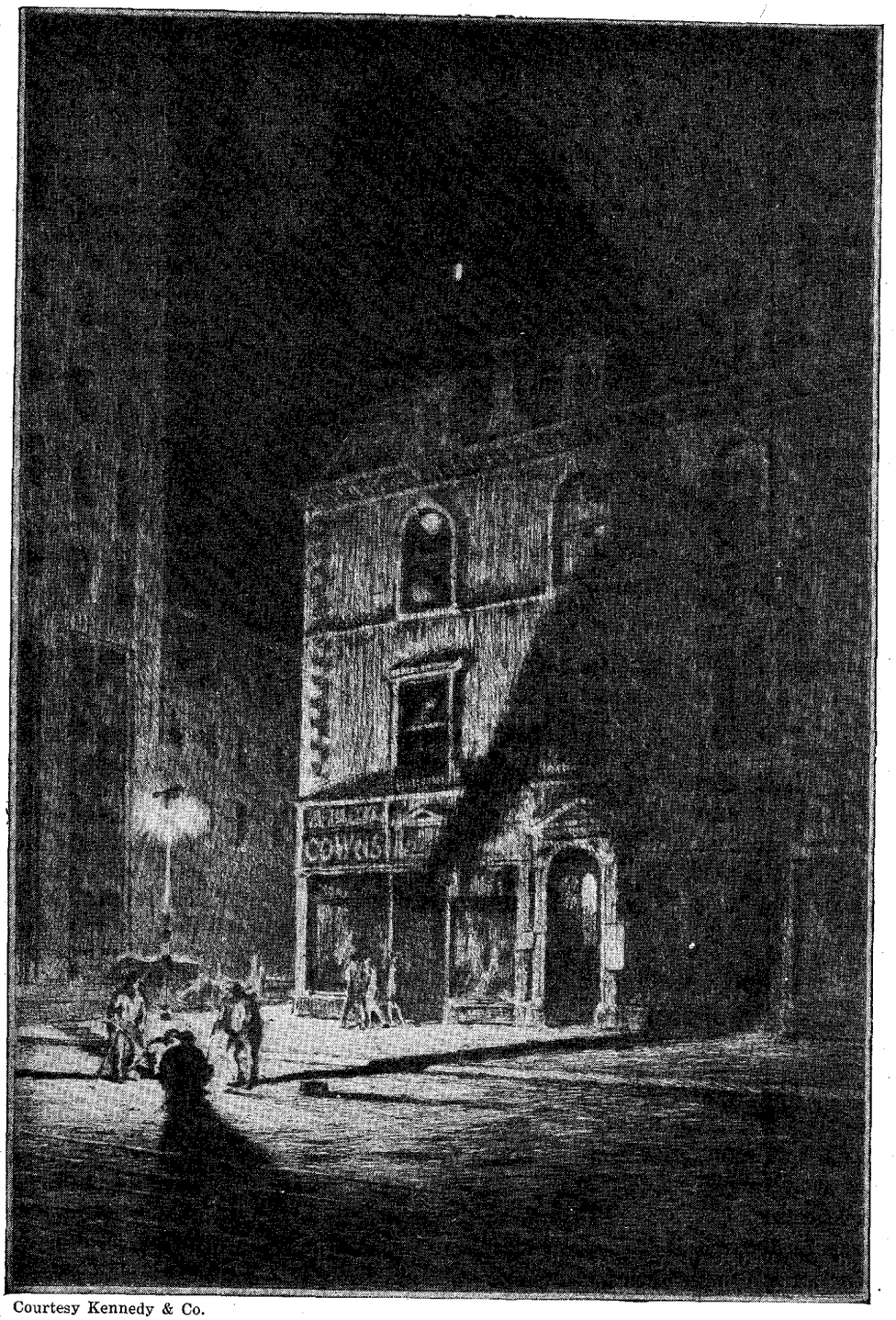

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THE GREAT SHADOW
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Outlook
and Independent
November 21, 1928

Mencken

By CAMERON ROGERS

Henry Louis Mencken, discoverer and baiter of the booboisie, has been variously identified in the quarter century of his public career as one with Lucifer and the savior of rut-bound, sentimental America. Mr. Rogers, biographer of Whitman, Colonel Bob Ingersoll and others, concludes that however great his influence in the past, Mencken's work is now finished. His opinions no longer startle; his invective no longer arouses. He has become a prophet with honor in his own country, and the respect of his countrymen marks his decline as a critical power in the land

HENRY L. MENCKEN, editor of the "American Mercury," has been, for a period of roughly twenty years, a force in American letters. For the ten years just past he has been more than that. He has, in himself, composed, almost indisputably, the most powerful critical influence at work in this country, and certainly that one most constantly discussed, combatted or applauded. He has been variously estimated. To the late Stuart P. Sherman, for example, he was a critic for flappers. To Edmund Wilson he is a genuine artist. To Frank Harris, one of the best critics in English; to Carl Van Doren, a writer resembling in some fashion Poe, Whitman and Mark Twain; to Burton Rascoe, a natural product of American traditions, training and character; to the Irishman, Vincent O'Sullivan, a product as American as pumpkin pie or a Riker drug store; and to L. M. Hussey, a writer who is primarily emotional and creative, and so, therefore, primarily an artist.

He has, in other words, possessed and administered in his critical writing so individual and vital a personality that contemporaries have been unable to pigeon-hole him or gauge to their satisfaction the precise sphere of his influence and the validity of his opinions. During the last decade Mencken has constantly defied those who would explain him, catalogue him and so spike his guns. His strength has been his non-conformity, his brawling disagreement with accepted canons of American life, customs and behavior, and until recently this strength had remained undiminished. Now, however, it is definitely impaired and for two reasons. One is that he has been accepted and his protestant clamor no longer attracts an attention either startled or reverent. The other, that he has done his work, and having written with an admirable emphasis of things about which he knows a great deal, he now either chooses, or is forced, or both, to write of things about which he knows very little.

In his time Mencken has constituted, for many intelligent people, a sovereign formative influence. But his time is very nearly past because the premises of his prosecutions have become too familiar, and a rising generation will persist in regarding him not as an enlightened Ishmael bawling wisdom in the waste places of American boobery, but as a quite orthodox, though still forceful, editor with a failing for repetition. For a prophet to be with honor in his own country means the end of that prophet as a prophet. Mencken is just such a one. The Shermans, the Munsons and the Calvertons, the Pattees and the Boyntons have ceased to strive with him and so have ceased to impel him to a greater, more raucous and more inspiring diapason of ridicule. He will continue to uncover in American life those preposterous beliefs, shibboleths and manners at which he has been mocking for years but in so doing he will no longer occasion amazement. For he has taught too many pupils to observe these things for themselves, and he has taught them so thoroughly that they no longer require his schooling.

However it is not yet to be inferred that Mencken is, quite hopelessly, a spent man. If there ever be in the United States a national prohibition of tobacco, for instance, or a Constitutional instrument forbidding the further glorification of the American girl as directed by revue producers, his voice may again be raised in all its ancient plenitude and with all its ancient epithets of scorn. But, unfortunately, it seems quite likely that in that time there will be voices younger and stronger, voices compact with an invective perhaps even more rigorous than his own, so that, in the main, his usefulness is at an end.

But let us, in the light of all this, a light which would seem to reveal an epitaph, examine his career.

HE WAS BORN in Baltimore in 1880, educated at Knapp's Institute and the Baltimore Polytechnic, and he was inducted into professional journalism at the age of nineteen. He served as a cub reporter on the Baltimore "Herald" and his first printed piece of reporting was the following terse statement of fact:

"At Otterheim Memorial, United Brethren Church, Roland and Fifth

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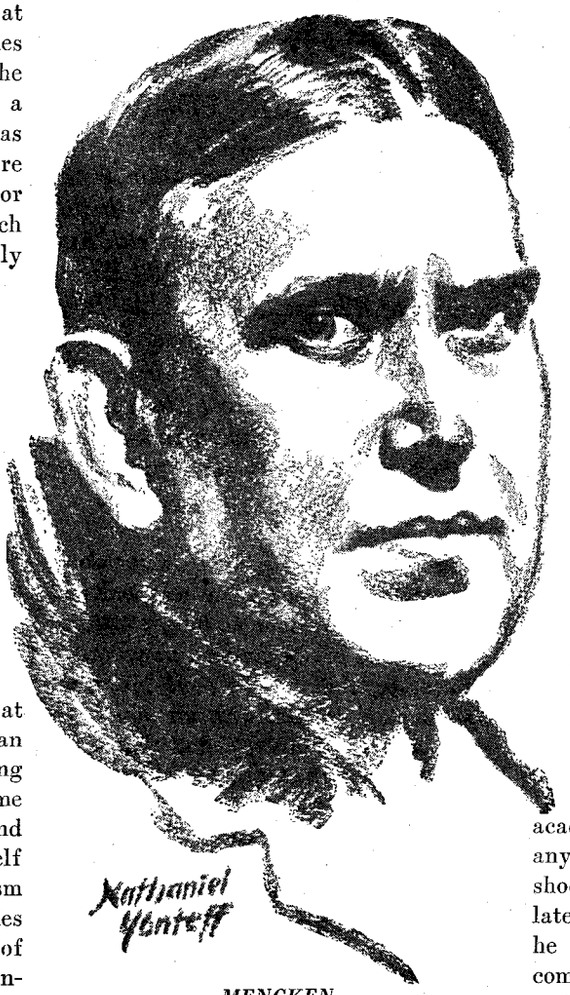
Avenue, Hampden, Charles H. Stanley and J. Albert Loose entertained a large audience last night with an exhibition of war scenes by a cineograph." An item which, taken in relation to his now notable phobias, seems filled with a gentle irony. This was in 1899. In 1900 he contributed a few short stories to magazines such as "Leslie's," and Ellery Sedgwick, then conducting that periodical, was so favorably impressed by one that he offered Mencken the post of associate editor. Mencken, refusing this, became Sunday editor of the Baltimore "Herald" in 1901, city editor in 1903, managing editor in 1904 and editor-in-chief in the following year at the age of five and twenty. His abilities were so manifest that when in 1906 the Baltimore "Herald," to employ a graphic idiom, "folded up," he was appointed news editor of the Baltimore "Evening News," then Sunday editor of the Baltimore "Sun," during which latter employment he emerged definitely from comparative obscurity in the rôle of the militant and always audible critic. It was during this period that he commenced to fall upon what he considered to be the frauds of the day. He laughed at the New Theatre idea then sprouting in New York, gibed at Richard Mansfield and engaged to cry up the dramatic talents of George Bernard Shaw.

Almost at once people began to read his work, a few with applause, a great many with frequently expressed distaste. In 1908, at the suggestion of Theodore Dreiser, an author in whose behalf he has long battled with adverse opinion, he became literary critic of the "Smart Set" and for the next six years applied himself with his peculiar gusto, here to criticism of books, there to that of personalities and to that of the orthodox texture of American life everywhere. He conducted a column in the Baltimore "Sun" entitled "The Free Lance" and instantly aroused an opposition that would have appalled a less resolute character. Mencken fed on opposition, probed, flayed, laughed coarsely and wooed enemies. He made no effort to enlist a following and of course, secured one, but one which, fortunately, remained small as compared to the foe. In 1914, with George Jean Nathan, whom he had met and with whom he had formed a friendship four years earlier, he became joint editor of the "Smart Set" and as such, during the next ten years, achieved his fullest significance as a critical influence not only in American letters but in an increasing degree in American life. In 1924 he was instrumental in founding the "American Mercury" and became its editor, and since 1924 has become less and less the spokesman of an intelligently caustic minority, and more and more the accepted and almost supreme arbiter of men and women whose mental processes he has now ceased any more to astonish.

Here briefly and in rough chronology is the substance of Mencken's career. He is still a young man but he raised his voice when he was, comparatively speaking, so very young, and he has used it so consistently, that he has already given us his all, told us all he knows, taught us all that he has to teach. For there can and should be no such thing in the world as a sound critic of life in its every aspect, and to function as just such an agent of the Omniscient Intelligence is palpably his present ambition. Indeed, it is the only sign that he gives of approaching fifty. While his writing, as his biographer, Isaac Goldberg, points out, remains that of a young man, the subjects upon which he employs it balk at conclusive treatment. His mind's eye, trained once upon specific evils, frauds and follies, seeks now to encompass the whole hodge-podge of universal errors, and these are too diffuse, too complex, too vague in his own understanding, to permit success. One may concisely trace the progress of this abandonment of an impregnable position for one which does not exist at all, in the six volumes entitled "Prejudices," and which contain, the first of them, the best work of his "Smart Set" days, and the last of them, his still vigorous but increasingly meaningless disquisitions on "The Nature of Man," "Government," "The Nature of Love" and the like. These, written, it is true, as only he can write, are not meaningless save for one cardinal reason. They are not incoherent or unintelligent or dull. They are meaningless simply because Mencken knows very little more about any of them than do his readers and about some of them, it is quite possible, rather less.



MENCKEN

When he took a specific man or book and built around such a subject an edifice of shrewd comment, sometimes devastating but frequently excellent criticism, and always revealing statement, he was as nearly infallible as any critic can be, and more inspiring, infinitely more influential and effective. If you will look into the first volume of these "Prejudices" you will find estimates of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, George Ade and others which, judged by any but a purely academic standard of criticism, surpass any kindred work of these times. They shocked many critics, even surprised the late Stuart P. Sherman, himself, before he came to New York, an excellent commentator upon letters, into a pallid satire of rebuke, but they will outlive far more pretentious critiques, even, perhaps, far more scholarly ones, because of a vitality and fierce perception elsewhere unequaled in this generation.

It has been authoritatively stated that Mencken is not a literary critic at all but a critic of his times in all their manifestations. This, to precisely this extent, is true. He is not, *sui generis,* a literary critic such as, let us say, was Hazlitt. Nor is he, however, *sui generis,* a critic of his times. In him the functions of both are so nicely combined as to achieve a double result. For an author or a book or even a public figure

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such as was the late William Jennings Bryan is the glass through which he looks at his times, examines their magnified defects and assumes his conclusions. Remove that author, or that book, or that personage, and he stares at a landscape too vast to be comprehended by any human critical retina, too sprawling, too general for any instructive scrutiny. Through his glass he has been able to particularize, to concentrate upon one social malady, expose its symptoms, prescribe for them and pass on to another. But without his glass he is lost. He sees everything and at the same time nothing, and so is able to diagnose with no more authority than might the authors of those very evils which he would cauterize with the hot iron of his mockery. Mencken, writing objectively, and with a specific target for his criticism, has been an important influence upon the development of the contemporary American mind. Writing subjectively upon general human problems he has been and will remain, ineffective.

It is significant, here, to observe that it was when he ceased to be Mencken the Maverick and became the bellwether of the herd, that he translated himself from one critical see to the other. When, ten or fifteen years ago, he pointed out to an outraged majority that H. G. Wells, who had once been "the most brilliant, if not always the most profound, of contemporary English novelists," had yielded to a "process of gradual and obscure decay" he awoke hard feelings but also many intelligent readers to the realization that Wells had, in fact, been of late producing novels which were not only dull but pitifully commonplace. It is true that he did not at once materially damage Wells's American sales, but he bred a severe disaffection in the ranks, incited a rebellion in many minds, to the touted clap-trap of once talented but now empty English authors. Ten or fifteen years ago the attitude of American criticism toward Wells or Bennett was an attitude not critical in the least. Men acutely perceptive to the faults of American authors reviewed "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and abased themselves before its very ordinary qualities as though the hand of God had wrought them. Mencken, though his work in this respect has been far from completely successful, changed all this. In a word, he was honest. Instead of writing testimonials he wrote criticisms and that he should dare to do so caused such men as Stuart P. Sherman to look upon him as an intolerable boor, and that class of readers of which Sherman was the spokesman, then by far the largest in the country, to do likewise. But, in the minds of a few, Mencken had sown the seed. While Sherman did all the thinking for his flock, Mencken taught his to think for themselves. And since Sherman was not a critic of contemporary letters at all, but a man of sound scholarship merely in the tradition of letters, he actually impeded the development of individual critical thought while Mencken cried it on.

But at that time Mencken was the Maverick and he continued so to be with every clay ikon that he smashed and every false standard of excellence that he attacked. And also he continued, and more and more perceptibly, to mold the minds of a group of men and women which grew larger year by year. His ultimate reception by the herd was the inevitable result, and almost coincidentally he renounced objective criticism, threw away his glass, and assumed the conduct of the Omniscient. It is not, of course, inconceivable that such an action was forced upon him by the fact that of late years he has had very little at which to swing. When the occasion arises, when, as happened in 1925, he has a Bryan at which to shoot, he is again Mencken the Maverick. But with this distinction. Ten or fifteen years ago he was a Maverick to Stuart P. Sherman's army of bottle-fed intelligences. Today he is a Maverick only to an army which is bereft of any intelligences at all. Yesterday he at least had intelligences with which to work. The trouble is that he worked with them too well and showed too many of them the light. Today he can be of no more use because there remain too few who still deny him.

Mencken's writing, the prose style which has been his weapon, has remained, it is gratifying to observe, comparatively unaffected by his critical apotheosis. This style, like its possessor, made enemies, awoke at one time a considerable academic uproar and a strange disquiet even in the breasts of his warmest admirers. At its best it is clear, forceful and witty. At its worst it is boisterous, affected, and sometimes in bad taste judged by any standards of writing. Stuart P. Sherman, whose opinions touching style were always sound, esteemed it as being hard, pointed, forcible and cocksure. It is, certainly, all of that. Its faults, in point of fact, are few and candid. Like his friend and one-time co-editor, George Jean Nathan, Mencken has a weakness, more, a vice, for needlessly interpolating into his prose a variety of German expressions which add nothing to emphasis of content and which constitute so naïve an effect of sophomoric cleverness as to astound readers who revere his abilities. If these expressions were French instead of German how palpable would seem the absurdity of their usage by an otherwise first-rate author writing in the English language. The fact that they are in a tongue for some reason considered less precious by the herd somewhat diminishes the mischief, but only in the case of his unilingual admirers who, if they possess any feeling for good writing, will still object. Mencken, it would seem, cannot write police when he means police. He must write Polizei. If he would refer to scholars a mysterious compulsion directs that he write Gelehrten. Does he wish to speak of the Home for the Aged? then he puts hand to dictionary and plucks out Greisenheim. Or if he would make use of the word employment or would simply mention the day's work, the same obscure inhibition forbids him to put on paper the English word and he inscribes Geschaft instead. He has actually disfigured an otherwise delightful essay on Huneker by hammering into the opening paragraph the word D o p p e l s c h r a u b e n s c h n e l l p o s t d a m p f e r, and why? Merely to avoid the necessity of writing twin-screw mail packet. Such a procedure makes, of course, for an effect at once ridiculous and uncouth and is, if you like, the worst flaw in his style. But save for an occasional abuse of such expressions as pish-posh, and a sometimes tedious reiteration of such nomenclature as Homo Boobiens, Boobus Americanus and the rest of that familiar terminology, it would be hard to find another.

Indeed, as a medium of satire, invective or praise, Mencken's style has no equal, even today when he has nothing more about which to write and has fallen back upon subjects to the exposition of which no style might lend a reasonable coherence or a tolerable validity. It is not polished. It is frequently ungraceful. It is as bare of ornament as is an elm of leaves in January. But it remains as memorable as the date of one's birthday, and most especially does it so remain to those men

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Foreign Opinion

The Election Seen from Abroad

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

AMERICANS have voted for more prosperity. What does it mean to us? That is the conclusion that England and Europe appear to draw from the election of Hoover, and the question about it that they naturally ask. Their attention turns, of course, to three points: How will the outcome affect arrangements about payment of war damages and war debts? How will it affect trade? How will it affect the policy of the United States toward Europe in such matters as peace treaties and disarmament? And they see little reason to expect changes in American policy on any of these, or developments favorable to the desires and interests of Europeans.

Great Britain, on the whole, seems to welcome the prospect of Hoover's accession to power. British publicists and statesmen feel that there is a basis of understanding with him, not only because of his services during and after the war but because of his residence in England and in other parts of the British Empire. Yet, as the London "Times" remarks, it was in great measure the bizarre personality of Smith that aroused in Great Britain more interest in this Presidential election than in any other in years.

A man more familiar with other nations and with their peoples than any previous President, continues the "Times," is to guide American foreign policy during the coming four or more years—a period "of critical interest for the British peoples and of high promise, as they hope, for further adjustment of their own and American interests to a common point of view and common purpose. Both have 1931 before them and the second Washington Conference as a fixed point in their calendars."

Both the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express" extend laudatory welcome to the new President. It was left to the "Daily Herald," organ of the Labor Party, to observe acutely: "Why should the average American kill a Republican Government to make way for a Democratic Government when the difference between them is negligible? Smith's defeat is at bottom judgment of the American electorate upon the unreality of American politics. The Republicans may as well stay in office until there is some reason for displacing them. Very emphatically the Democratic Party is not a reason."

Disappointment—or at least a kind of foreboding—touches the mood of French opinion on the election. This is because a change in the attitude of the United States is what most Frenchmen desire; they see no chance for that with Hoover and thought they saw a chance for it with Smith. Also French interests were hoping for the possibility of a wider and legitimate market in the United States for their wines.

"No use in searching deeply for the reason of Hoover's success," is apparent to the semi-official "Temps" of Paris. "It lies in the desire of Americans to safeguard their prosperity at all costs . . .

"It is a natural deduction that the Presidency of Hoover will be a logical continuation of that of Coolidge and that the doctrines of Coolidge on war debts, disarmament, organization of peace and interference in the affairs of the Latin American states will prevail tomorrow as they did yesterday."

"A GUARANTEE against adventurers, against anarchy," the Royalist Catholic "Action Francaise" calls the election of Hoover, adding picturesquely, "and against the Latin spirit which over there passes for the spirit of the devil." And the "Echo de Paris" jeers (somewhat anxiously and inaccurately): "One hundred and twenty million Americans grouped behind a mining engineer who up to now has reasoned only in calories and kilowatts. It may be disconcerting."

A note of alarm is sounded by the radical organ "L'Œuvre" which says: "We shall see the Monroe Doctrine pushed even further to put Latin American countries in tutelage. We shall see a still more bitter fight to attain naval parity with England. Europe will appear more and more a distant colony for the sale of goods and the lending of money. Even if the bankers in America who make their living by such operations help to mobilize reparation bonds, the linking of war debts and reparations will become even more difficult. In reality, to treat with Americans drunk with their wealth and power we have need of a united Europe."

Germany, with the exception of the extreme radical and reactionary papers, is inclined to greet Hoover's victory cordially. The "Berliner Zeitung" hails him as "the man who supplied starving Germany with food after the war." The Catholic Centre Party organ "Germania" thinks: "Hoover, sovereign dictator of an economic system and brilliant organizer, assures dollar-making better than Smith. The political course of the United States for the next four years is fixed." The Nationalist "Lokalanzeiger" believes the result to mean "that the White House will continue policies which have proved most advantageous to Germany . . . ."

The directors of heavy industry evidently have some fears, for their organ, the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," foresees that Hoover my set up formidable barriers against foreign competition; while the liberal "Vossische Zeitung" asks whether his assumption of control may not bring an increase of American aggressiveness in commercial fields and suggests that Germany will need to look out for her South American and Far Eastern markets.

ONLY IN ITALY is expressed any marked regret for the failure of Smith. Officially, the Fascists received word of Hoover's success with satisfaction; but circles close to the Vatican gave signs of disappointment, although not of disillusionment or displeasure. The verdict was obviously anticipated.

The Italian press generally looked for no change in foreign policy or in the American attitude toward debts. Thus the "Tribuna:" "One of the characteristics of the campaign has been an almost complete absence of program of foreign policy . . . Mr. Hoover talked of the United States as the single country that interested Americans and as a country that should be exclusively reserved for Americans. He also promised to raise tariff walls even higher."

Mexico in general appears to be well pleased and hopeful over the future brought into view by the choice of continued Republican control of national policy. From the rest of Latin America we have still to hear.

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Control on Canada's Countryside

By DIXON MERRITT

Populous centers do not furnish the only evidence of Canada's bid for temperance through government control. Mr. Merritt, concluding his survey of conditions in Quebec and Ontario, records impressions gathered in a swing through the rural districts of those two provinces. One interesting point emerges from his findings: "There are numerous indications," he says, "that people are going to raise a brand new objection to the Ontario system of control. It is going to be that a system which encourages liquor in the home and only in the home encourages excessive drinking." But this observation is but a single side of legislated temperance

THE theory is that a man, if he is a man, shields the girl. Therefore, the town shall be nameless. It was not much of a town, anyhow—just a huddle of houses, the size of a handkerchief, in Southern Ontario. It was twilight. The last bus was due through from one to the other larger town. But the bus was late.

She came into the station hurriedly, a beautiful blue vision, eyes and everything. But that did not attract me, particularly. It would not. The revealed record says that only young men shall see visions. What did attract my attention to this girl was the fact that, though her nerves were quite evidently as steady as steel, she could not sit still. Up and down. To the ticket window, out to the sidewalk, down again and up again. Finnigan was never "off agin, on agin" with half the rapidity that this young thing was down again, up again. Finally, she strolled across the street to a soda fountain and stood—stood, mind you—at the counter.

The bus rolled in. We piled aboard. The bus rolled out, around a corner and down the main street, faster than a private car would have dared to go.

Perhaps there is a lingering remnant of youngness in me. I looked about for the blue vision and did not find it on the bus. Twisting my head over my shoulder for a despairing look at the back seat, the corner of my eye caught it—half a block behind, running down the sidewalk, waving a helpless hand. I told the driver and he stopped at the next corner.

The vision climbed aboard and, out of gratitude I suppose, took the seat beside me—the very edge of it. She did not thank me. She just said, "You've saved me a lot of explaining at home. If I had missed this last bus—"

After a few commonplace remarks, I got down to business.

"I've been here for some time," I told her, "looking into liquor control. You are probably the last person I shall talk to in Canada. Tell me what you think."

For a second, her lips closed in a hard line. Then: "There are forty reasons why I should be for liquor control. We are Conservatives—old, traditional Conservatives, and we just have to support the party. Two members of my family have employment with the Liquor Control Board. The other thirty-eight reasons are just as good ones. But I'm for prohibition.

"Why? Well, from my waist to my knees, I'm bruised black and blue—by liquor control. Yes, it's painful. But that's not the worst of it. I shall have to suffer in silence—and practice deception. I don't dare let the family know. I'd have to give up my sweetheart if I did.

"He turned the car over. No, he wasn't drunk but he had been drinking—the way you do drink under liquor control. He'd been my sweetheart for three years under prohibition. I suppose he probably drank sometimes then. Maybe he might even have got drunk. But I didn't know it—and he didn't turn the car over. Talk to me about flasks! There are just as many of them now as ever—and they always belonged to little smarties that no girl would go around with, anyhow. Now there's a bottle in every home you visit and you have to take a drink or two or be discourteous to your hostess. I don't blame my sweetheart for turning the car over. All people but fools know that drinking and driving don't mix. But can you drive anywhere and get back home now without drinking? You cannot. I could make him leave his flask alone—if he ever had had one—but I can't be a prude and make him refuse to drink when it's served in the homes of our friends. I might be willing to suffer as I have for some things—but not for the privilege of having a legal bottle on the sideboard."

This young womans' testimony does not prove anything against liquor control. It is relevant for just one reason. It tends to be the basis of a human being's advocacy of or opposition to a particular thing. Most of the other persons in Canada whose testimony I have quoted and shall quote doubtless had reasons just as personal as did this girl. But the others could sit on theirs. And so neither you nor I, dear reader, shall ever know just why the others believe what they do believe. With that caution as to the allowance that should be made in the weighing of testimony, let us proceed to see, as nearly as we can, how liquor control works in the rural districts as distinguished from the large cities.

I must confess that the preponderance of the evidence is against the vision. Most of the hundreds of people to whom I talked believe that conditions are better in rural Ontario under provincial control of liquor than they were under prohibition. But, again, an allowance must be made. Most of my witnesses were mature people. Of the few young persons whom I undertook to put on the stand, only one other offered anything particularly worth quoting. He was a very young person, between seventeen and eighteen years, but wise beyond his age because of the fact that he has been for some time factotem on a country newspaper. His testimony tends to corroborate the girl in blue. "I don't think," he said, "that there could have been any more flask carrying before control than there is now. Kids still think it's smart. They are too young to buy the stuff legally, you see. A tremendous lot of them carry flasks. But I was pretty young when prohibition ended. Maybe I didn't see as much as I do now. I just know that there is a lot of it now."

Of course, older persons know boys and girls better than boys and girls know themselves. Therefore, we must believe what the older persons say about a great decrease in the number of flasks, kid party drinking and the like. But I know that there used to be a freemasonry of youth, and I know quite well that I long since lost the pass word. I strongly suspect that what older persons say, both good and bad,

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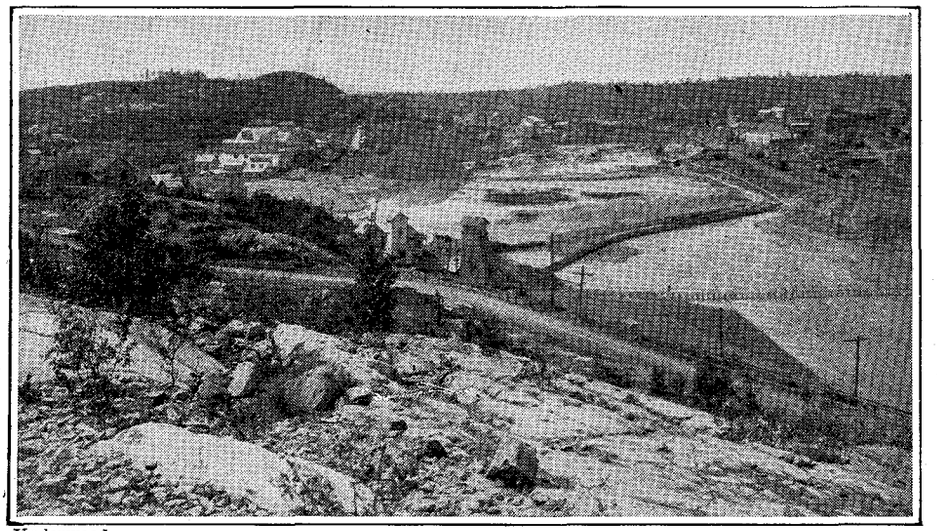

Underwood

SILVER MINES AT COBALT, ONTARIO

Where Rural Ontario Tries Out Prohibition's Substitute—Legal Temperance

of youth is no more than gossip of the anteroom. So I give more space than I otherwise should to the testimony of one girl and one boy, because it is the only glimpse we shall get beyond the tiled door of the Lodge of Youth. Ordinarily, that one glimpse would have been denied. The girl was frank because she was, at the same time, bruised and grateful; the boy because he had a kid's conception, possibly exaggerated, of professional reciprocity.

These young people, as I may have said, live in Southern Ontario, and that is the region of the road house—or, more strictly speaking, the road shack. Most of them are of the hot-dog order of architecture and all of them, so far as I was able to observe, display signs advertising the fact that 4.4 per cent beer is for sale. Now, under the Ontario Liquor Control Act, as under its predecessor the Ontario Temperance Act, 4.4 beer is not an intoxicant. The theory of the Temperance Act was that drinkers would be satisfied with this light beer. They were not, and the prohibition period is still frequently referred to as "the fiasco of four point four." The theory of the Control Act is that, since four point four is not an intoxicant, there should be no restriction upon its sale. Any one may purchase it without a permit and it may be served at any place where meals are regularly served. I said in the preceding article that practically no hotels and restaurants in the cities stock the stuff because there is no demand for it.

The situation is quite otherwise in the country districts; from the number of four point four signs displayed, this is the stuff for which Canadians thirst as David for the well. Queer that it should be so popular in the country and so ignominiously unpopular in the cities.

I was driven through all this region by a young but none the less experienced taxicab driver. After seeing four hundred and four 4.4 signs, I asked the driver how many of those fellows confined their sales to four point four. "Well," he replied, "I don't think many of them do, strictly. They have to at times, when the provincial police are unusually active. Other times, lots of them sell real beer. Some of them—the proportion varies from time to time—sell whisky and other kinds of hard drinks. But they have to be pretty careful about it. The courts don't play gentle with those birds. It's over the road if they get caught."

I tried some of the stuff, and I think it was no better than 4.4. The driver said, however, that it might have been different if I had been in my own car, particularly if it had States license plates. "They figure," he said, "that a man cavorting over the countryside in a hired car in broad daylight is either drunk or otherwise unreliable. Now tonight, if you wanted to go out to some places . . . "

But I didn't. The driver could tell me about that. I had already checked him sufficiently to ascertain that he knew the game and that he told the truth. There were a few places, he told me, where you could go and have a party but very few people did it—except, of course, tourists. "I guess I see more of what goes on in the drinking line," he continued, "than anybody else around here"—even taxidrivers are egotists—"and what I see isn't at all what I used to see. No, it isn't a decrease in drinking, exactly. I guess I haul as many people under the influence of liquor now as I did under prohibition. But it's different. The drunken men that I hauled then were mostly going about from one bootlegging joint to another, raising hell. Now the drunken men that I haul—women, too—are going home. They go to a friend's house. Have too many drinks. Friend calls me. I take 'em home. If I didn't, they wouldn't get home. Police don't play gentle with drinkers any more than they do with sellers. Same stage of drunkenness that used to go unnoticed gets locked up now."

There seems to be no doubt that, in the small towns and country places of Ontario, the drinking is now done in the homes. Many persons corroborated the testimony of the taxicab driver. The liquor stores, brewery warehouses and wineries, though all of them except the last named are in sizable towns, are not so far away but that any man who wants it can handily get a bottle of whisky, a case of beer or a keg of wine and take it home. He must take it home—all of it—and nowhere else.

My driver and I stopped at a winery. I spoke of wanting a bottle of Canadian port. But the least quantity that a winery can sell is three "reputed quarts."

"What," I asked the driver, "about our drinking one bottle in the car, my taking one bottle to my hotel and your taking the third bottle home?"

He shook his head. "I wouldn't dare do anything except drive you straight to the hotel and let you take all three bottles to your room. If we drank in the car—well, you can't tell when a policeman is going to swoop down on you anywhere on these roads. And, if they caught us, they'd revoke my driver's license and probably confiscate my cab. As for taking a bottle home—I can't go home yet and I wouldn't go anywhere else with a bottle in the car. And, Mister, I don't even dare go home with just one bottle—not less than three."

We stopped at a brewery and talked for an hour with the manager. About all I got from him was that he, in common with other brewers, regards the Ontario Liquor Control Act as "the thin edge of the wedge." The sale of beer must be liberalized. He did not think he wanted to see the saloon come back, and yet there was something to be said for the saloon. "It keeps down labor troubles—strikes and things like that." Anyhow, something had to be done to enable people to buy beer in

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smaller quantities than is now permitted, to drink it elsewhere than at home.

There are numerous indications that people—even the liquor people themselves—are going to raise a brand new objection to the Ontario system of control. It is going to be that a system which encourages liquor in the home and only in the home encourages excessive drinking. There is forewarning of that in the statement of my vision in blue, of the taxicab driver, of the brewery manager. This may come as a shock to those in the United States who are just now saying that if people could legally have liquor in the home they would not abuse it.

Liquor is very heavily taxed in Ontario and that is said to be responsible for uniquely good fishing just now in Niagara River, Detroit River, Lake Ontario, Lake Erie. It is hooked up with the Canadian export business, too.

A small cargo of liquor clears for an American port. The craft goes out in the river or lake, turns around, pulls in near the Canadian shore and deliberately dumps its liquor in the shallow water. That is for the purpose of making evidence. The liquor was all along intended to be "short circuited" back into Canada, to be sold tax free. Now the crew of the craft waits until the coast seems to be clear, then fishes the liquor out of the water. If they are caught at their fishing, they say that they were chased by a United States revenue cutter and had to dump cargo. If the stuff is intercepted later along its course back into Ontario, the wet and wrinkled labels are evidence that an effort was made to get it across to the United States, that the cutters were too vigilant and that the owners are just trying to get the stuff ashore anywhere because they were unable to get it to the United States.

Buyers of "short circuited" liquor are, of course, bootleggers and blind piggers. Some of these are said now to have turned fishermen, wetting their lines in the hope of bringing up some of the dumped liquor. The dumpers, of course, watch the fishing grounds pretty closely and a warfare has developed similar to that between our hijackers and rum runners. But it is said that some fishermen whose *bona fides* are not to be questioned sometimes bring up some of the dumped liquor. A road-building gang on the New York side of the Niagara River told me that they are frequently able to get from the fisherman who supplies their camp commissary a few bottles of booze with the labels soaked which he claims to have fished out of the river.

This ends, so far as I know, the list of abuses of the control law in the rural regions of Southern Ontario. There is another tale to tell of the northern regions. Southern Ontario is, in many essentials, an extension of New York and Ohio and Michigan, and always its problems are complicated by the problems of those States. Liquor control advocates say, too,—and I have no doubt they are right,—that control is still complicated by problems which grew up under provincial prohibition. To mention only one, the "short circuiting" of liquor is almost certain to be a diminishing industry. Under prohibition, it was Southern Ontario's sole supply of good liquor. Now all that it does is to supply certain bootleggers somewhat more cheaply than they could supply themselves from the Government stores. But a considerable number of men who were engaged in "short circuiting" when it was the sole supply still hang on to what is left of their business, and will hang on for several years to come—some of them, doubtless, always. But several years must elapse before, in this region, final judgment can be passed upon Government control.

Quebec's rural problem differs in almost every particular from Ontario's. Along its border on the American side, there are no populous regions. Some little traffic in slipping liquor across the line and back into the province goes on, but hardly enough to count. Most of the liquor that leaves Quebec is really meant for American consumption.

Along that magnificent 175-mile reach of the St. Lawrence from Montreal to the city of Quebec, country life is in the main the life of the French farming village. The houses cluster about the church or chapel. The people recognize authority, religious and civil. They can buy their beer at the grocery or drink it in the tavern by the glass. At home they drink, for the most part, wine. I did not find anywhere in rural Quebec any complaint that people get drunk in their own homes or in the homes of neighbors.

Most of my traveling about the country in Quebec was done in the company of a rare old Scotch Baptist who regards himself as a missionary not to but for the people of Quebec and who knows them as few of their own people know them. He has spent twenty-four years among them in an inexplicably intimate relationship. He loves them and, despite his clinging to hard-shell doctrines, they all love him. He tells me that there is no drunkenness worth mentioning in the farming and small-town regions of that province.

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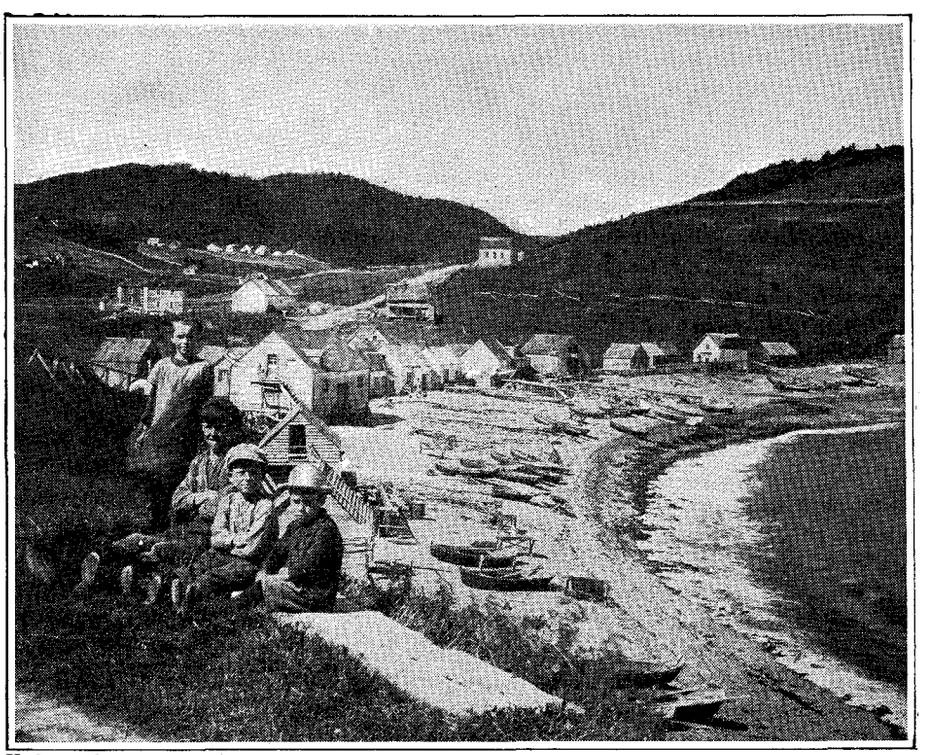

Underwood

LITTLE FOX RIVER, QUEBEC

A Typical Rural Hamlet in the Heart of the "Control Country"

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From the Life

The Dream

By IBBY HALL

AN OLD MAN whose home is in Washington has lately had a birthday. He has just reached the age of eighty-five, and has stored up in those years so many memories and adventures, so varied a lot of thoughts and emotions, that by now there is little difference to him between the happening and the dream. If he were asked to tell the story of his life, he would find it difficult not to confuse you, for what is real to him now might seem only fanciful to any one who listened.

But there are two clear facts in the old man's life easily understandable to any one. Some sixty-five years ago, when he was young and inflammable, he fought in the Civil War. All wars since then have been shadowy and unreal. The second important fact in his life is his bank account, for until he drew it out the other day, he had managed to save during sixty-five years the large sum of one thousand and eighty-five dollars.

But these two facts, exhilarating and sober, had meant little to him since a certain night that followed on the heels of his last birthday. For on this night the one surviving emotion of his life took possession of him in a dream.

He had not seen his sister in a long while. He could not even remember how many years separated them. She lived in New York, he in Washington, but even that question of distance was vague to him. He was an old man of eighty-five and his sister—old, too—was ill. He was quite certain that she was ill because he had dreamed it.

In the dream she lay dying and looked at him. She was an old woman. Life had pushed and crowded her as it had pushed and crowded him, and now was deserting her as it would soon desert himself. But he had learned that very few of these things mattered. With eighty-five years he had acquired a great peace and indifference concerning existence. Life by now was only a picture book. Some of the things he had seen one way, some another, like imagining, but they were all the same. You looked at them and they were only pictures. When you shut the book finally it was other things that were left, and those were real. In the dream his sister had looked beyond him at those other things. Like an illuminating flash of lightning the dream had struck into his consciousness and was gone. He had not finished with it and he could not get back to it. There was only one way to find it again.

The problem presented no difficulties to the old man. Nothing lay between him and his sister but a train trip from Washington to New York. New York was a pretty big city and people moved around in it quite a bit. Somehow he had mislaid the last house number and street she had sent him, but those things didn't matter. They belonged to the shadows that came and went in life. His sister was in New York. She was ill. He would find her.

The old man went to the bank in Washington and drew out the savings of his life, one thousand and eighty-five dollars. He counted it to make sure and then he wondered what to do with it. He had never carried much money around with him. How did folks go about it? He rolled it up uneasily, and with his hand still around it, held on to it in his pocket. There it was—his whole life—all he had to show for it to practical people—held now in one hand. He made his way slowly to the railroad station, and asked for a ticket to New York.

NEW YORK was somehow bigger than he had expected, and all the streets in it were strangely alike. They were all full of noise and dirt and traffic. They stretched miles to the north of him and miles to the south, and nowhere was there any house that looked as if his sister might live in it. Well, he could walk north for a while, and then, if he didn't come along something promising, he could turn south again.

Time had crawled a considerable distance, and darkness was only a few hours away, when the old man found himself exhausted and no nearer his destination. The burden in his pocket was hardly to be borne. His thoughts turned to it from the house numbers and from the faces of passers-by alike. His spirit was weighed down and depressed by it. His hand continually reassured itself that the roll of bills was still in its hiding-place.

And, all unknown to himself or the crowds along the street, he was leading a parade. By now he had turned south and was facing down-town. Directly behind him in a steady and attentive procession, walked two of New York's most famous pickpockets. They had been there for a long time. The signs were unmistakable. The loot was theirs beyond a doubt. It was merely a question now of waiting for the psychological moment.

Behind the two pickpockets marched the other half of the parade. The second battalion consisted of two of New York's most famous plain-clothes detectives. As the pickpockets had observed the old man, so had the detectives observed the pickpockets. And all innocently the little parade of five marched down the crowded street.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL moment arrived. The leader of the little parade hesitated, stood still and gazed into the window of a cigar store. In here he could perhaps rest a moment. He could ask a few more questions. He would find a moment's peace from the glare and confusion outside. The two pickpockets became alert. This was their moment. They took one sudden glance around them, and as they glanced, they forgot as suddenly the old man. They remembered only that those two faces directly behind them were all too familiar. On the turn of that second they became themselves the pursued, and with the arrival of the following second they had disappeared.

The two detectives followed them only with their eyes. Then they looked at each other. Inside the cigar store was a roll of bills as obvious to the avid eyes of the underworld as though its protector, the old man, had been a plate glass window.

"What will we do with him?" queried Detective Number One. "That kind has to be taken care of. It ain't safe!"

His companion looked long and meditatively into the cigar store. "It's safe only when it's locked up," he replied.

Side by side the two detectives marched into the cigar store. On their faces they wore the exalted look of Knights of the Round Table. Gently but firmly they arrested the old man on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Next day the New York police force began to follow the trails of a dream.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

THIS seems to be a season for comparisons. Earlier in the year we had the spectacle of two newspaper plays, rivals for public favor, produced in the same week and dealing with the same subject. Ever since, they have run neck and neck, with "The Front Page" still in the lead, but "Gentlemen of the Press" making appreciable progress in closing the gap.

Last week saw a similar situation arise in the musical comedy world with the appearance of Gertrude Lawrence in her new American musical show "Treasure Girl," and Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in Cochran's London revue, "This Year of Grace."

In the present instance, comparisons are all the more interesting because both Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence first became known to Broadway several years ago in the same show—"Charlot's Revue." They are both English girls; and while they differ widely in appearance and methods, both might be said to have the English conception of humor. Behind them, just at present, are two productions, one purely English, and the other purely American. The differences are interesting.

"This Year of Grace" certainly receives the palm so far as variety and wit are concerned. For Cochran's revue is distinctly of the calibre of "Americana"—a kind of London Follies of 1928. Noel Coward has written the whole show—book, lyrics, music and all; and he also acts the principal male part.

To us, the interesting thing about this production is first of all its intellectual appeal to intelligent humor and its scenic background of humorous modernist scenery. Each scene might almost be a picture from Punch. Its scenic effect is almost that of a cartoon, whether the scene be a station on the underground in London, or the beach at Brighton, or "Love, life and laughter" in an 1890 Paris Montmartre. The costuming is done along much the same lines. In the latter skit, for instance, where the wicked Paris of 1890 is shown, and the silk-hatted, bearded gentleman ends by drinking champagne from the scarlet woman's slipper, the man and woman might be taken from Du Maurier's drawings.

To a certain extent, most of the show is devoted to this contrast between a past generation and a present one, in point of sentiment as well as ideas and costumes. Only the burlesque skits on such recent plays as "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Silver Cord" and "Young Woodley" are frank take-offs on present day manners and customs. The rest is a most oddly entertaining panorama of English life and humor, paraphrased, satirized and brought up to date, made always interesting by Noel Coward's extraordinary abilities, and adorned with Beatrice Lillie's unique talent.

G. Maillard Kesslere

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
Starring in "Treasure Girl"

It takes an evening at Gertrude Lawrence's show "Treasure Girl" to make clear precisely wherein "This Year of Grace" is lacking. Indeed we have more than a suspicion that Mr. Coward himself took a look at "Treasure Girl" or read the newspaper comment on it, and made an effort to introduce in his own show at least one of the attractions which Gertrude Lawrence's new piece possesses. This is the element of—is it still called "pep"? In his final number, Mr. Coward presents his chorus and then his entire company being as peppy as almost any set of human beings can be.

But, where burlesque and wit predominate in "This Year of Grace," beauty, joyousness and haunting music are "Treasure Girl's" outstanding attractions. Gershwin has never seemed to use more melodious, whimsical and haunting. The book is very poor. It can be summed up merely by saying that somebody buries a treasure and practically everybody has a map of where it is, and Walter Catlett tries to be everybody's guide to its hiding place—but naturally, has not the faintest idea of where it is—and the search leads through many colorful scenes until finally the heroine (do we have to reveal that this is Gertrude Lawrence?) finds it, and thus the mystery, if there ever was one, is solved to every one's satisfaction.

To people who want to idealize Gertrude Lawrence—and she *is* so attractive and talented and pretty that it isn't very hard work to do so—such a rôle does not seem to fit. And whether one is in love with her or not, it is undeniable that her part doesn't give her full play. More, it prevents her from doing many of those tricks of impish comedy at which she is so adept, and which "Charlot's Revue," and also her last show, gave her such excellent opportunity of doing.

IN "TREASURE GIRL" she sings charmingly, and lights up with her exceedingly individual genius many and many a situation and duet. But, throughout, she is forced to be a somewhat conventional comic opera heroine, and this limits her chances. She has no opportunity at all to show what she can do in low comedy. There is no scene to approach the one wherein she and Dinty Moore served that terrible, ever to be remembered luncheon to the visitors they despised. The sad truth is that this piece only gives her half a chance.

Nevertheless, that fraction is enough for her to show that she possesses precisely what "This Year of Grace" lacks. If the two shows could be combined, Broadway would at least have its perfect comic opera. As it is, no one who sees one should miss the other. Personally, we would rather see Gertrude Lawrence, no matter what her competition, mainly because she is an endless delight to listen to and watch. Her art is almost perfect in its delicacy. But we are free (we hope) to admit that we would find it hard to miss Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward.

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The World This Week

The Press and the Poll

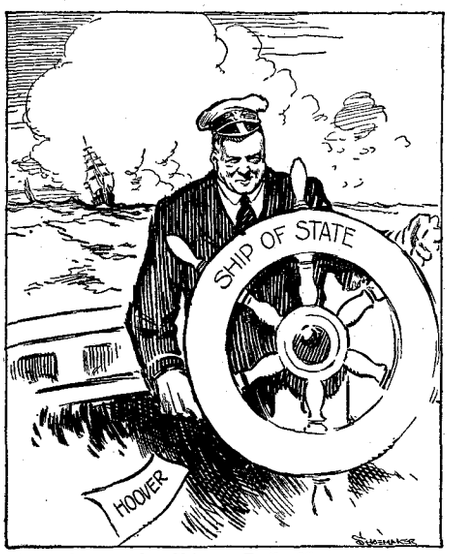
Ernest Hamlin Abbott's review of editorial opinion, heretofore appearing as a special department entitled "What the Country Is Thinking," will hereafter appear on this page.

PROSPERITY elected Hoover. That is the complaint of his partisan opponents and the boast of his partisan supporters. It is besides the acknowledgment of some independent, though not neutral, observers. Not prosperity alone, of course. It was prosperity plus. There was the Coolidge plurality to start with, a well intrenched Republicanism. On the whole the country was content. There was no great distress, nothing to agitate the masses. Groups here and there were open to pleas for a new deal; but there was no common cause on which they would unite. The attempt to persuade the country that prosperity was a myth fell flat—it wasn't a myth. The American people were not ready to swap their minor ills for the unknown and untried. Where prosperity had really sagged—in Massachusetts and Rhode Island—there alone in the North Smith won. The voters had a choice between economics and politics and they chose economics. Here is the danger signal for Hoover. Credit for prosperity and security means discredit for hard times and loss of confidence. At present, however, the country rests in assurance that there will be no upheaval.

But that is not all—

Hoover elected Hoover. Somehow he inspired the great majority with belief in his ability, his equipment for the Presidency, his experience in handling large problems, his dignity, his personal stature, his humane disposition, his idealism. The American people have a conception of the Presidential office to which Hoover seemed fitted. Even his opponents acknowledge his dignity and but few of them intimate now that it is the dignity of toryism. In many quarters he is hailed as a progressive—one who combines business sense with liberal thinking—and as a new type of President. What if he was not a rousing campaigner? Americans do not select a President for his performances on the stump. But even there, as a Southern Democratic editor describes him, he was a "worthy foeman," though opinion is not particularly strong on this point.

What of Hoover's opponent? Of course Alfred E. Smith's supporters offer the obeisance due him for his gallant fight. They count it an honor to have gone down to defeat with him. But tributes have come from opponents as well. Not from all of them. From some come attempts at a just appraisal of his failures—particularly his diverse appeals to diverse groups. Bitterest of criticism comes from his opponents in his own party and with it the demand that he and Raskob and the rest of his entourage be ousted from leadership. Some of his friends ruefully or



Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

The New Skipper

cynically surmise that he was too candid for his own good as a candidate. Friend and foe recognize him as the "idol of the city crowds" and a leader of magnetic personality.

And what of his party? Is it on the rocks? Some Southern editors are doleful, but for the most part come prophecies of survival and future strength. Most enticing seems to be the diversion of guessing what will happen to the once Solid South. From that quarter testimony comes that it has not been really solid for some time, that its growing industrialism and other forces had cracked it and that there was only wanting some such blow as Smith's challenge to its devotion to the cause of Prohibition to break the pieces apart. Though there are reproaches heaped here and there on party bolters, there come from South as well as North genuine expressions of satisfaction in the lowering of sectional barriers and in the consequent new freedom from blind partisanship. And joy is freely expressed that in place of the old sectionalism there has been no sanction given to the threatened new sectionalism between the urban population and the rural. As the basis for an urban party "New Yorkism" proved unsubstantial. If Boston proved willing to dance to the tune of "The Sidewalks of New York," Chicago, Philadelphia and other big cities refused. Main Street holds fast its most powerful partners.

As for bigotry, fanaticism and intolerance that cut such a figure in the campaign, they have now by almost unanimous consent faded from the picture. Naturally it is hard for some editors who used them as targets to let them go; but, along with the New York "World," the press without regard to party recognizes as a fact that no group or class is big enough to account for such a cataclysm.

Of the issues debated in the campaign the only one which is generally regarded as having a nation-wide effect is prohibition. Some regard it as a determining factor. The election, they hold, was made by Governor Smith a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment; and the country has declared as plainly as possible that it wants the experiment to continue. Others—all wet—suggest, rather hopefully, that prohibition cut both ways. From either point of view prohibition seems to have been removed, for the present at least, from party politics.

On one point there is absolute unanimity—the country is united in accepting the will of the majority.

Behind the Victor

THE REPUBLICANS will have real majorities in the next Congress in both Senate and House, though they failed to keep pace with the sweeping stride of Mr. Hoover. They held all thirteen Senate seats at issue, but captured only seven of the twenty Democratic seats at stake. No Republican Senators were elected in the South. Their Senate majority is fourteen.

In the contest for control of the House, with all 435 seats at stake, the Republicans won twenty-seven now

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held by Democrats, ousted the Socialist member from Wisconsin, and a Farmer-Labor member from Minnesota. The Democrats captured three seats now held by Republicans in Indiana, Rhode Island and West Virginia. The Republican majority in the House is forty-five.

In the Harding landslide of 1920, the victorious party had a Senate majority of twenty-two and a House majority of more than 160. In 1924 they started off with a majority of seventeen in the Senate and sixty in the House.

The Democrats elected Governors in eleven States, eight of which will cast their electoral votes for Mr. Hoover. The Republicans elected Governors in twenty-three States, two of which—Massachusetts and Rhode Island—will cast electoral votes for Governor Smith.

▶▶Smith's Successor

While rejecting him as President, New York State indorsed Alfred E. Smith as Governor. If it could have done so it would undoubtedly have re-elected him. Since it could not, it accepted the man of his choice, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Governor Smith's record is unexampled in the history of the State. What he has said about that record, in which he has reason to take pride, is generally accepted by voters in New York, without regard to party, as substantially true. He has now announced that at the end of his term at the close of the year he will retire from public life. He has said, with characteristic humor, that he expects to "go to work." He leaves office with the respect of those who know him best and with the affection of multitudes.

In succeeding Governor Smith to the executive headship of the State, Franklin Roosevelt becomes more than ever a National figure. He was already Nationally known by his record as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the War and by his candidacy for Vice President in 1920; but he now becomes in a peculiar sense Governor Smith's successor to prominence in the Democratic Party. Without inheriting the suspicion which was directed toward Governor Smith, he receives as legatee a great part of the good will which his close friend and associate, Governor Smith, enjoyed. His personality, like Governor Smith's, is winning. Many of those Democrats who look for progressive policies from their party pin their hopes on Governor-elect Roosevelt.

▶▶Smith's Vote at Home

In 1924, when Governor Smith was running against Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., for Governor of New York he received a plurality of more than 500,000 votes in New York City. Two years later, with Ogden Mills as his opponent, his lead was about 580,000. The 1924 campaign was, of course, coincident with the national election in which Calvin Coolidge buried John W. Davis.

It was on the basis of these statistics that New York Democratic leaders, particularly the Tammany Hall leaders, predicted that Governor Smith would carry New York City by at least 600,000 votes. As it turned out, his plurality was far less; probably not much more than 450,000. And among the post-mortem rumors is one that Tammany Hall did not support the Governor as it should have. It is said that certain district leaders resented the candidate's forced nomination of Franklin Roosevelt, that they were aggrieved by Smith's recent tendencies to rule the organization with a heavy hand.

Unquestionably Smith's showing in his home city was one of the most bitter among all the heart-breaking disappointments of November 6. No one with intimate knowledge of politics can attribute this, however, to any widespread "knifing" by the organization. The defections from this source might have come to 10,000 or even 20,000 votes. But never in the world could they total 100,000 or 150,000.

The fact is that thousands of Republicans, believing Smith an excellent Governor, would vote for him in a State election but would not commit themselves to Democratic National policies. The prosperity issue was, no doubt, as potent in New York City as elsewhere. Tammany Hall may have resented Smith's independent leadership—unquestionably did resent it. But discipline overcomes resentment in any great political machine.

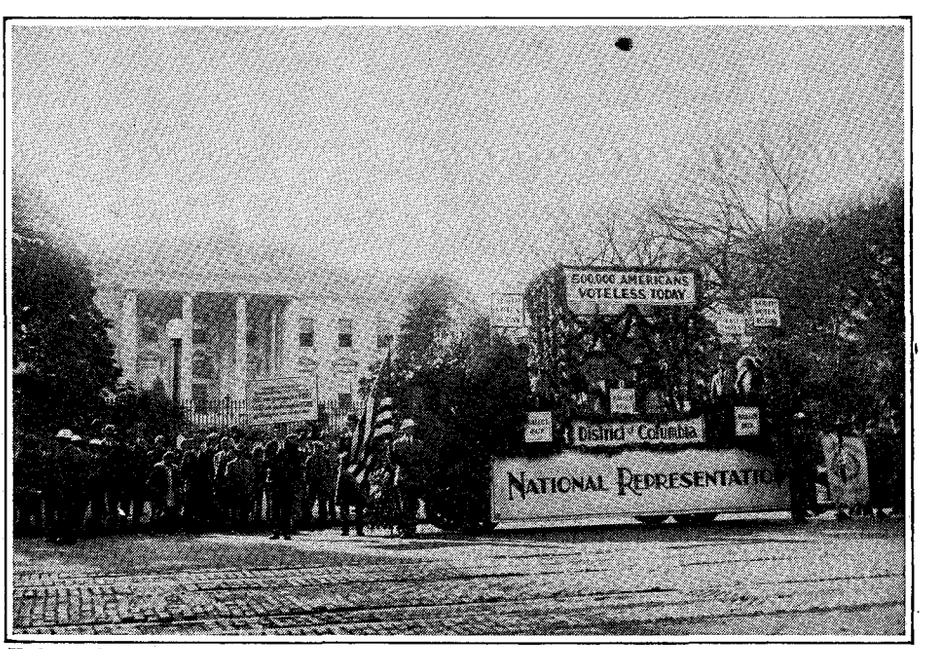
▶▶Why It Happened

Our Southern scout has been examining the fragments of that once solid body and deduces the following clues:

Prohibition counted most against Governor Smith. The great majority of Southerners, some of whom may consume a little white corn as a purely personal matter, sincerely believe that prohibition is the right policy.

The antipathy to Tammany grew worse as the campaign advanced. At the outset it was a theoretical antipathy. When the campaign was in full swing it became a practical objection. The methods used in conducting the campaign may not have been Tammany methods, but many voters took—or mistook—them for such and resented them.

The South believed at the end, as in the beginning, that Governor Smith, good and even great man that he is, did not comprehend American traditions



Underwood

VOTELESS CITIZENS PROTEST

Residents of the District of Columbia stage a demonstration on Election Day for the privilege of voting

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and aspirations and was not, therefore, the kind of man to be President. His speeches did nothing to change that belief; rather, some of them strengthened it. The intolerance speech probably was the determining factor in swinging Texas against him. There came to be a feeling, not merely in Texas but throughout the South, that the Smith managers were seeking to capitalize his religion. It was considered as great a sin as intolerance.

Another clue leads directly to Mr. Hoover, himself. Unaided, he could not have done what all other candidates have failed to do, but he had some elements of strength that no other Republican candidate has had. His substantial majorities in such cities as Louisville, Nashville and Birmingham prove that wet sentiment in the cities of the South was never so strong as it was said to be, and, further, that industrial and other interest preferred Hoover and Hoover politics.

Our observer concludes that the South is still Democratic, but most of the States are no longer one-party States. Henceforth there will be an opposition party that, when Democrats do not behave themselves, may take control. He thinks that is for the better, even for the Southern element of the Democratic Party.

▸▸*Exile for Evolution*

WHILE rolling up a majority for Governor Smith on November 6, adult Arkansas took a fling at the ghost of Darwin and decreed that the young idea shall not be taught to shoot arrows of scorn at the biology of Moses as preserved in the book of Genesis. The anti-evolution bill, passed by the lower House of the Arkansas Legislature but defeated by the Senate during the last session, was taken to the people, and the people decided against Darwin. Henceforth, no pupil in a state school supported by taxpayers' money shall be taught that man in his present form evolved from a lower order of animals.

A number of things seem to have contributed to the people's decision. President Charles L. Smith of the American Society for the Advancement of Atheism, stumping the State for evolution, aroused animosity by his attacks upon the fundamentalist concept of the Bible. From a native atheist, it is said, his virulence might have been borne; but when the evolution champion was an outsider and a New Yorker, the handicap was insuperable.

In addition, the religious issue in the Presidential campaign played into the hands of the fundamentalists. They had their vote out to the limit against Governor Smith and, while delivering their ballots against the Vatican, it added theological zest to politics to take a crack at Darwin on the same occasion. At the same time, there is good reason to believe that much of the opposition vote was rolled up by mild fundamentalists who preserved their political orthodoxy by voting for Smith and salved their consciences by a vote against Darwin.

▸▸*Mr. Hoover to Latin America*

WITHIN THREE DAYS after his election Mr. Hoover had already made his plans for two of the four months remaining

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

Now All We've Got To Do Is Clean Up the Dirt

before his inauguration. Starting from the Pacific Coast he will make a journey that will take him first to the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal and from there, according to tentative plans, to Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Chile, the Argentine, Uruguay, Brazil and Venezuela. Nominally a private citizen, not even yet officially chosen President by the Electoral College, Mr. Hoover, according to tradition, is President-elect, and as such is entitled to official recognition. For his voyage President Coolidge has designated a dreadnaught, the Maryland.

Not only from South America but from other parts of the world have come expressions of the greatest interest in this trip. It has been recognized as a master stroke. It has already advertised our interest in good and fruitful relations with Latin America.

Mr. Hoover knows Asia and Europe and Australia as few of the men of our time do; but he has never before visited the South American continent. By his visit he will enlarge a background of knowledge of the world which his experience has already made very broad. The unnecessarily long period between the election and the inauguration of a new President will thus be usefully employed. By a man of Mr. Hoover's capacity four months are not needed to select his Cabinet and plan his policies. He is not bound to listen to all the importunate demands and gratuitous counsels that are thrust upon any President-elect who keeps within reach of them. Mr. Hoover is therefore freeing himself as well as preparing himself for the performance of his Presidential duties.

▸▸*Wet, Dry and the Vote*

ONE WET VIEW is that the anti-prohibition cause will profit eventually "for the simple reason that the 'noble experiment' will now be given its supreme test, and with the drys in control from the President down through both houses of Congress, there can be no more excuse for non-enforcement of the law."

One dry view is that "the overwhelming defeat of Governor Smith should remove the issue permanently from the field of partisan politics, where it never had a legitimate place. If Governor Smith and his partisans have the slightest regard for the interest of the Democratic Party, not to say of the country, they will surely accept as final evidence that prohibition is the settled policy of the American people, henceforth to be 'worked out constructively' through the united efforts of both parties."

The two factions seem to be in agreement in expecting that enforcement under Mr. Hoover will have its first real trial.

▸▸*Coolidge Peace Program*

ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Armistice President Coolidge at Washington discussed America's policy concerning the aftermath of the war. In particular he reviewed the subjects of armament, peace treaties, debts, reparations, and reciprocal obligations between nations.

Peace, he said, "is coming to be more and more realized as the natural state

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Kirby in the New York World

"I Thought You Were Real Mad"

of mankind;" but, he added, the peace we now enjoy has been secured "by a long series of sacrifices and of conflicts." Honor therefore is due those who have served in our forces. He denied that the country had made profit out of the war, but asserted rather that it had incurred a cost approaching a hundred billion dollars. Such benefits as we received were not of a material nature but rather spiritual in the quickening of our conscience. "No good thing," he said, "ever came out of war that could not better have been secured by reason and conscience." Nevertheless, though no nation has assured permanent peace by providing arms, "all human experience seems to demonstrate that a country which makes reasonable preparation for defense is less likely to be subject to a hostile attack and less likely to suffer a violation of its rights which might lead to war."

"We can have military preparation without assuming a military spirit . . . We do not need a large land force . . . When we turn to the sea the situation is different . . . Having few fueling stations, we require ships of large tonnage, and having scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting 5 or 6-inch guns, it is obvious that, based on needs, we are entitled to a larger number of warships than a nation having these advantages . . . It is obvious that, eliminating all competition, world standards of defense require us to have more cruisers . . .

▶▶*The Mikado*

Only two voices were heard in the traditional ceremony by which on November 10 a new ruler ascended the throne of Japan—that of the Emperor Hirohito speaking to his people and that of the Premier, Baron Tanaka, responding for the people. But although the formalities followed all the rules established since that time, before written records run, when the dynasty of Japan rose to power, the sovereign is known to hold very modern ideas for the progress and welfare of his land today. He has reigned in fact since the death of his father two years ago, and the ritual observances have simply served to confirm his power.

His speech from the throne emphasized the idea of the fatherly relation of the Emperor to his subjects. "Our ancestors," he said, "looked on the state as their household and on the people as their very children." He called on them to sink all selfish aims in order to promote the material and moral betterment of the nation "that we may with a good conscience face the heavenly spirits of our ancestors."

As a concession to the twentieth century, representatives of the press enjoyed for the first time an opportunity to witness the ceremony from a position outside the gate of the temple throne courtyard in which it took place.

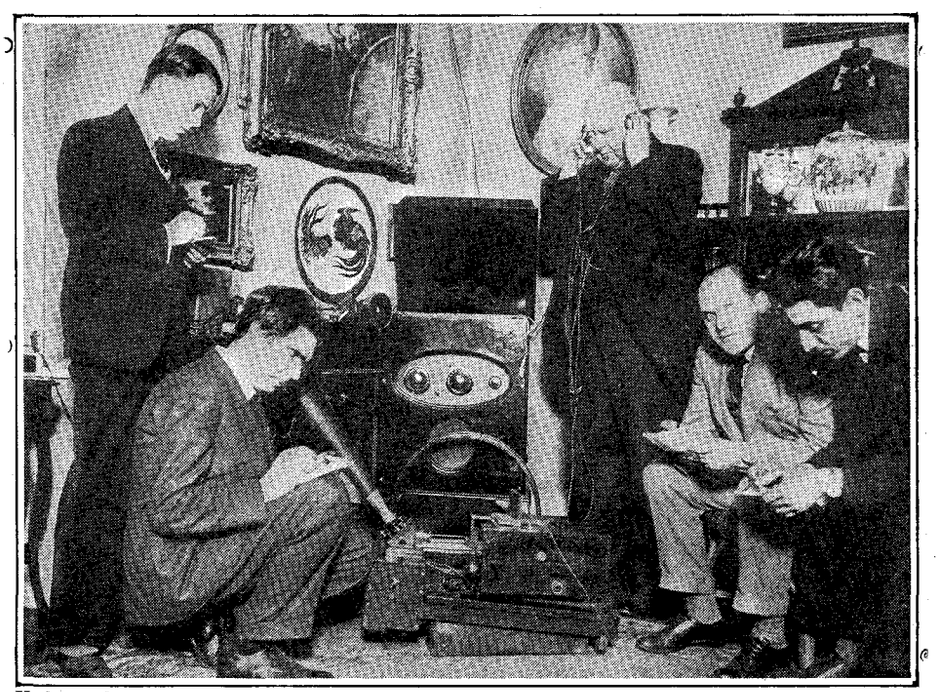
▶▶*"Inner College"*

Students of higher education in the United States have given much attention to the virtues and defects of the large university as compared with smaller ones. The large institution has been able, as a general thing, to assemble faculties containing more noted scholars. But the undergraduate body has missed the intimate associations possible only in a small college.

An anonymous gift of $3,000,000, announced by President Lowell of Harvard last week, is to be used to remedy this defect of the large university. A sort of "inner college" will be erected, similar to the separate colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. There will be dormitories, dining halls and common rooms for a group of about 300 students and for a staff of tutors and instructors who will also take residence there.

The outstanding purpose of the plan lies in President Lowell's explanation that the students will be picked from widely differing groups. There will be honor men, athletes, club men and youths who defy classification. The members of the "inner college" will attend the usual university classes, but an opportunity will be afforded for them to know, more intimately than less, a varied group of fellow students.

One of the strong influences in bringing this plan into being was the report made in 1926 by the Committee on Education of the Student Council. As amended and approved by the Council, representing the undergraduate body, it made a great impression. The project of an "inner college" at Harvard is thus a result of student discussion.



Underwood

WAITING FOR A MESSAGE FROM MARS

Dr. Mansfield Robinson of London who claimed to have received a reply to his radio message to Mars, though he could not decipher it

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A River of Lava

"A GREAT, FIERY RIVER looking like a gigantic slab of white steel"—so we saw the lava stream described that was flowing from Mount Etna toward the sea during the first week of November, and is still flowing as we write. Unlike the ancient eruption of Vesuvius that destroyed Pompeii and the modern eruption of Mount Pelée, there was no terrific explosion followed by suffocating deposits of ashes; there was just the inexorable advance of the broad stream, ultimately divided. Thus there was no loss of life, but populous towns were in whole or part wiped out. Mascali, a place of 10,000 inhabitants, was the most notable of these. The migration from threatened localities involved scores of thousands of people and the roads were crowded with vehicles bearing the refugees and their household goods. Vast fires in the forest added to the terror of the fleeing people. The river of lava was in places more than a mile wide and it rolled steadily on at a rate of a thousand feet or so an hour.

As is almost always the case with volcanic eruptions, a new mouth or vent appeared in the side of the main crater. Scores of such subsidiary cones have been formed in time past and there are historical accounts of at least a dozen major eruptions of Mount Etna, reaching back to nearly five hundred years before our era. The most violent of these in our time was that of 1911, which in every way resembled the present disaster.

Obregon's Assassin

THE firing squad waits José de Leon Toral, slayer of President-elect Obregon of Mexico, and twenty years' imprisonment is the sentence upon Madre Concepcion, the nun declared by the state prosecution to have instigated the crime. So ends the most sensational criminal case in Mexican annals, involving all the political and religious emotions of the country.

Throughout the trial, Toral has maintained that he acted alone, upon his own initiative, and has proclaimed the innocence of Madre Concepcion and, indeed, her ignorance of his plan. She has taken the same stand. The Government has insisted as steadily that she put the idea of the murder in his head, as it has maintained ever since the death of Obregon that Roman Catholics were responsible for it.

It it too early to tell the effect of the verdict upon the country. But that the trial has had an influence upon popular feeling is shown by the fact that at first arrangements were made to broadcast the proceedings by wireless, and that as the case progressed these were cancelled. Further, the press was refused stenographic reports and was asked not to comment because, it was alleged, the defense was using the opportunity to spread seditious propaganda in favor of "clerical rebellion."

Remarkable Remarks

I am willing to admit that it (Prohibition) is noble, but I am compelled to ask, "When is the experiment going to start?"—MAYOR WALKER.

He (Mayor Walker) is a New Yorker, but more than any other man, he personifies the spirit of America.—WILL HAYS.

I have had all I can stand of it.—GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH.

Of course it is hard to be a Christian. That is why there have been so few of them.—REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

Not all Puritans are religious.—CLARENCE DARROW.

Virtue unadorned isn't a very stimulating sight.—ELSIE ROBINSON.

I have an almost irresistible desire to club a woman when I see the tip of her cigarette looking as if it were smeared with blood.—ST. JOHN ERVINE.

It is possible to be both a genius and a gentleman.—REV. H. S. MCCELLAND.

A man who loves Dickens can often get along extremely well with a girl who likes nothing but Michael Arlen.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

Football is the only thing really well taught in American colleges today.—HAMILTON HOLT.

America need have no fears about me.—MUSSOLINI.

Disarmament is a very superficial remedy for war.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

A Split Victory in Nicaragua

GENERAL José Maria Moncada, the Liberal candidate, won a personal victory in the presidential elections in Nicaragua. He was the military leader of the rebellion against the Conservative Government when Henry L. Stimson, as personal representative of President Coolidge, met him and stopped the fighting with a promise of supervision of free elections by the United States. Moncada's success has vindicated the policy of the Administration at Washington in keeping the Marines in Nicaragua to assure fair play; and both parties have united in praise of the manner in which Marine officers have safeguarded the balloting.

Yet the triumph of Moncada is not unqualified. The vote for the Congress has come out much closer. The membership of the Senate is tied, with twelve Liberals and twelve Conservatives. In the Chamber of Deputies, apparently, the Conservatives hold the slight advantage of one seat, with a total of twenty-two against twenty-one Liberals. These figures may be modified by final returns; but there is information enough to show that the country was about evenly divided and that it was popular confidence in Moncada personally that tipped the scales in his favor.

The Changing East

NOT ONLY in Turkey but in Persia and India are women being "emancipated" from Oriental tradition. Whether or not they like it is not quite certain. Thus, when King Amanullah returned from his tour in Europe, he established co-education for boys and girls, abolished the seclusion of the purdah and decreed the unveiling of women's faces. His queen led the fashion in unveiling, but the priests denounced it as unmoral and irreligious, and the women themselves are inclined to ignore this man-made law.

In Persia social as well as political reforms are on foot; it is now lawful for women to go to the "movies" and restaurants, to be seen unveiled and to ride in motor cars—heretofore they could ride on donkeys but not drive in carriages. There is even a whisper that some time they will be allowed to talk politics. But Persian society is not wild about these innovations; many of the women are asking, "Why change?"

Meanwhile Kemal Pasha has really accomplished wonders in the way of social advance, and especially as to education. His latest reform is to install a new alphabet to displace the beautiful curved and interlaced characters that made the Turkish language hard to write even for the Turks. The practical value is beyond doubt, and the reform will go through, for Kemal has a way of putting things through; but the conservatives are fighting hard

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for the good old alphabet. To public officials Kemal has given the choice of resigning or using the new, foreign-looking letters; and, as places are precious, they groan but study.

▶▶Tale With a Moral

On November 8 the gates of New Jersey's state prison at Trenton swung open and one James Sweeney stepped forth, a free man. Thus the law corrected, as best it might, an error which was made two years ago when Sweeney was sentenced to life imprisonment as one of seven who had held up and robbed a mail truck in Elizabeth, New Jersey, on October 14, 1926, killing two guards and wounding another. Sweeney was "positively" identified by two eyewitnesses; an alibi placing him at Sing-Sing on the day of the crime visiting a friend was discredited by the fact that he had given an assumed name; he had a police record. The jury convicted him upon the identifications, bolstered by the fact that he had been twice convicted of larceny. But clemency was recommended and Sweeney was sentenced to life imprisonment instead of to the chair.

While the convicted man was exchanging his identity for a number in the State prison, friends who believed in him began tracking down evidence to prove his innocence. Last June the evidence was presented, the postal inspector and the prosecutor convinced of their mistake, and steps were taken to secure a pardon. Just why this simple action required five months to complete is not revealed. But after all, the fact of Sweeney's return to the world is the important thing.

Recalling that Sweeney escaped the death chair by the narrowest of margins, we leave to our readers the moral of this episode.

▶▶Safe for the Amateur

William T. Tilden, the tennis star, has now had his suspension from amateur tennis tournaments extended from this country to the thirty-five member nations of the International Federation. Thus, we suppose, is the moral pointed that tennis stars who profit from writing about tournaments in which they participate and thus violate "amateur" standards, may be expected to find themselves on the sidelines. Mr. Tilden was dramatically ejected from the Davis Cup team last summer in Italy and then reinstated in France because French officialdom feared that without Tilden the matches would be a flop. His misdemeanor was to write about the Wimbledon Tournament in which he was playing. His contention, in extenuation of his conduct, was that the player-writer rule forbade "reporting" matches but said nothing about special articles. The U. S. L. T. A. chose to regard this plea as a distinction without a difference and the suspension was continued.

All of which, presumably, saves the tennis world for amateurism. But frankly, we are not deeply impressed. An avocation which demands so much of a man's time that it must be almost a profession with him should not frown too heavily upon his writing for the newspapers. After all, it is the insistence upon viewing such actions as professionalism, rather than the actions themselves, which gives them an exaggerated importance.

▶▶Night Life Secrets

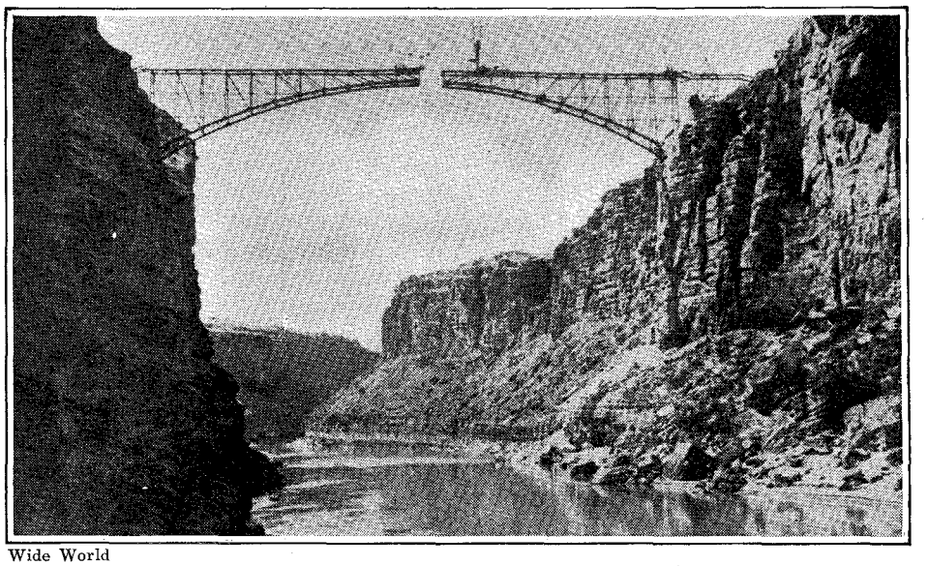
Night club habitués who venerate drinkables purchased in their favorite resorts as "the real stuff" will find food for reflection in recent statements by James L. White, undercover man of the Prohibition Unit. Mr. White appeared before Federal Judge Burroughs in New York City on November 8 to testify against Signor Luigi Cardi, proprietor of a well-known restaurant in Greenwich Village. As a butter-and-egger from the West, Agent White knocked at Luigi's door one evening not long before Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt synchronized her liquor raids with the Democratic convention. Signor Luigi was cordial; according to Mr. White, whisky was sold him, perhaps other spiritous liquors, and he stoically drank them all—in the line of duty. On subsequent visits, Luigi became expansive. More, testified Mr. White, he revealed secrets of the profession, and admitted that some of his liquor was cut as many as seven times, only enough of the original remaining to serve as flavoring. Straight alcohol was added to furnish the kick. This admission, if true, practically ruins our belief in mankind.

▶▶Some Bans Are Threatened

Maryland is revising its criminal statutes by cutting out obsolete and ridiculous laws. One of these forbids the masters of slaves from feeding their slaves with terrapin oftener than once a week. Evidently this delicious food, now sought by epicures at a high price, was unappreciated by the then working classes. If the revision goes through it will also be possible for an irate citizen to swear in the presence of a constable without being subjected to a fine of twenty-five cents, and there will be no longer a ban on dueling.

▶▶The Passing of Steam

Railroad men have long been aware that the steam locomotive is expensive and crude in comparison to those operated by electricity. A moving power plant, forced to generate and then distribute its energy, is far less efficient than a stationary one. Only a



Wide World

SPANNING THE GRAND CANYON

The bridge across the Grand Canyon which has just been finished as part of Highway No. 90 giving a direct route from Arizona to Utah

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fraction of the potential power per ton of coal is transmitted to the driving wheels of even the most modern steam locomotive.

Electrification of all railways is certain to come as soon as the necessary capital can be found; and the financing will be all the swifter, of course, when electric power is cheaper. Meanwhile, the Pennsylvania Railroad has announced a vast electrification project. During the next seven or eight years about $100,000,000 will be spent on the main line between New York and Wilmington, Delaware. Some 325 miles of line, a total of 1,300 miles of freight and passenger track, will be electrified. General W. W. Atterbury, head of the Pennsylvania, expresses the hope that eventually—by which he must mean in the not too distant future—the entire system will be changed and then, as far as the Pennsylvania is concerned, the steam locomotive will be a thing of the past.

How do the economies operate in this case? Mr. Atterbury declares that freight movements, particularly the movement of agricultural products for the American table, must be speeded. The electrified system, it is estimated, will accelerate the service from twenty to thirty per cent. About $15,000,000 a year will be spent on the project; a sum which would probably have to be set aside for ordinary maintenance and repairs even if steam were to be continued. The healthy financial condition of the railroads is indicated by the fact that no stock or bonds will be issued. The $100,000,000 will come out of the usual improvement expenditures, taken out of earnings.

▶▶ *Air Minded Bankers*

While the Nation became, not very logically, highly enthusiastic about aviation after Colonel Lindbergh had crossed to Paris, the banking interests of America continued, on the whole, decidedly cool. Flying might be coming into its own but the financing of airplane companies was still a gamble.

Now, however, the National City Company of New York, controlled by the National City Bank, has been revealed as the purchaser of stock in the Boeing Airplane and Transportation Company of Seattle. An Associated Press dispatch from the Pacific Coast states that $4,500,000 in preferred stock has been bought as well as an undisclosed number of shares of common.

It is obvious that commercial aviation can now make a bid for conservative financial backing. It can put forth balance sheets filled with statistics on the operating, depreciation and passenger cost per mile: in brief, all the figures so dear to the heart of the banker. The railroads (the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fe) are in aviation. The public is in it. Now the bankers are in it, too.

If further proof of the fact that flying has become an industry is needed, we add that the day of mergers has also arrived. The Universal Aviation Corporation, with passenger, mail and freight lines, has absorbed the Fokker Corporation of America which will build planes. Soon the keen young men who were pioneers of the air will be corpulent business men, playing golf for exercise.

▶▶ *Bear Market on Brotherly Love*

Henceforth, Philadelphia's brotherly love will not extend to late comers at symphony concerts. The sentiment is flatly "out" when it comes to stumbling across the feet of seasonable arrivals. Thus has the temperamental Leopold Stokowski, conductor of Philadelphia's excellent orchestra, carried out his somewhat theatrical warnings. Two seasons past, M. Stokowski sought to make his point through analogy. Shortly before the hour scheduled for a concert one evening, a few of the players strolled in and took their places. A flute, a violin, a clarinet and the cymbals lamely opened the first number promptly upon the stroke of the scheduled hour. Other musicians appeared, casually sought their places, and picked up the thread of the music. Not until the number was more than half over did the grim Stokowski appear. The last number was similarly directed. After a few bars a violinist looked at his watch, rose and hurried out. Others followed. At the end, Conductor Stokowski was left waving his bâton at thin air.

A few weeks ago the conductor left the stage abruptly when late comers annoyed him. Presumably there were words with the trustees. Now it is announced that tardy subscribers will not be admitted until the intermission. Any who have failed to arrive by that late hour will miss the concert altogether.

Thus has tardiness been penalized in the City of Brotherly Love. Perhaps other cities, admiring the boldness of the rule, will take similar steps to rid themselves of an unnecessary nuisance in theatres and concert halls.

Underwood

THE WAILING WALL OF JERUSALEM

Jewish men and women bewailing the proposed destruction of this ancient place of lament. It is said that the British Government plans the removal of the wall and that citizens of Jerusalem have appealed to King George to preserve it

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Editorial

An End and a Beginning

THE ELECTORAL VOTE for Mr. Hoover was impressive. So, too, was the popular vote for Governor Smith. His brave campaign will not be forgotten nor the issues he fought for come to nothing. The electoral vote, however, determines the choice of the country. Mr. Hoover is the next President.

Mr. Hoover will bring some outstanding qualities to the White House. He came into public life in the beginning as a man no longer concerned with making money but looking for an opportunity to complete his useful career in some interesting and disinterested public service. Mr. Hoover's war-time record testifies to his humanitarian impulses. His peace-time record in the Department of Commerce is evidence, if more is needed, of an immensely practical ability. Before and during the campaign he has shown that he is able to dream of a time when we shall be as rich in spirit as in pocket; that out of the industrial age, made possible by the leisure that prosperity brings, will come a larger and fuller life than the American people have ever known.

Those qualities won many votes for him, and rightly so. We need them badly in the high places of government.

His campaign, on the other hand, was conducted much of the time in such a way as to make many people wonder if the Hoover of Belgian relief was not a myth. The Hoover of 1920 who was so little of a partisan that he did not know to which party he belonged, seemed never personally to challenge the reactionary elements of his party. To some his appeal to the country seemed a stand-pat appeal; a mild and dignified effort which only suggested: "Why change?" His most eloquent speeches dealt with the tariff and with prosperity; and in such a way as to further the legend that prosperity was created by his party and not, as is the obvious truth, chiefly out of great natural resources by the genius and energy of the American people.

The issues that wanted debating—prohibition and giant power—found him not clear cut in the expression of his thought. When he is President he will have to be more explicit in stating his views to Congress.

Friends of Mr. Hoover pointed out that he was the successor of a highly popular Administration; that neither custom nor sound political sense called for an offensive by the candidate of the faction in power, and that faction as powerfully entrenched as the Republican Party. Don't, said they, look for Hoover the man in Hoover the candidate. The real man, they declared, was much more peppery and positive. The game he had to play was distasteful to him; but having been nominated he adopted the most effective means of winning.

If that necessity existed, it exists no longer. Unmistakably, he is committed to continue the polices of Mr. Coolidge so far as that means a sure and even continuance of our prosperous development. He has received no mandate, we believe, to continue the Coolidge policy of "let the government alone." Mr. Coolidge, as we have remarked before on this page, came into office when we were exhausted by war and by two such taskmasters as Roosevelt and Wilson. He, most politically-minded of men, gave us what we wanted; which was a vacation from the urgent duties of citizens under a democratic form of government.

It was only a rest period and we believed that it must end with Mr. Hoover as it would have ended with the election of Governor Smith. Entire authority has not been delegated to him, his views have not been unanimously endorsed, all discussion is not silenced.

However complacent certain Republican politicians may be as a result of the impressive victory, Mr. Hoover must know that there is no ground for complacency. He won State after State that chose Democratic candidates for State office or for Congress. He was supported by wet Republicans and dry Democrats. The progressive West was as loyal as the conservative East. It is certain that he was substantially aided by the vote against the personality of his rival, his religion, and the accent of the sidewalks of New York; but it is equally certain, by the very enormity of his vote, that he is the hope of many liberal-minded men and women.

Such is the magnitude of his triumph, indeed, that he is released from obligation to any faction; even, to a degree, to his party. He must work through his party, of course, but the vote was peculiarly to him. He is free to begin the reconstruction of his party. He will have to reconstruct it; the success of his administration and the future of the Republican organization itself will depend on the type of men he will call to his side. Lack of long political experience did not interfere with his success at the polls; perhaps it will enable him to bring to party management a fresh point of view.

This will be his first test: reconstitution of the Republican Party, making it something different from the party of the Harding régime.

HE HAS disavowed the bigots and fanatics, and so owes nothing to them. He owes no more to the Anti-Saloon League than to those supporters who believe in a more temperate method of liquor control. He is free. There are many venal groups in his landslide and they will want their price. He will need all the strength and all the independence of mind that his intimates claim for him, if he is to justify the faith that has been placed in him. But he is indebted to none of these factions for his election. He is free to choose his own course.

Mr. Hoover's first official act as President-elect is his trip to South America. This will take him to the principal republics in our hemisphere. Most important in our immediate problems of foreign relations is the development of good will as well as good trade between the suspicious peoples of Latin America and ourselves. In this journey Mr. Hoover has the chance of serving a cause that is of concern to all of our people without regard to party. In the direction of foreign affairs as well as in the exercise of executive powers in domestic affairs, he has a great responsibility and a great task.

He can become President of all of us; of the fourteen million who voted for Smith as of the twenty-one million who voted for him.

The Editors—

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What Other Editors Say

Press and Magazine Comment on the Vanzetti Story

From the New York World

THE EVIDENCE here set forth makes dismal reading. For it establishes an overwhelming presumption that Vanzetti had nothing to do with the Bridgewater crime at all . . . The celebrated case, then, rises from the grave to haunt all who were connected with it. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts now faces a reckoning. It can no more ignore these findings than it can ignore Judgment Day.

From the Springfield Republican

One thing may be said right away . . . concerning the Silva confession. It can not be whistled down as something unworthy of consideration because it comes from a member of the criminal class. Nor will truth be suppressed in order to "save face" for high placed officials and dignitaries who assumed the responsibility for the refusal of as much clemency for Sacco and Vanzetti as would have substituted life imprisonment for the death penalty. The Outlook's publication is annoying to those who insisted that Sacco and Vanzetti should die, when the death sentence might have been commuted to imprisonment for life. Yet it is an annoyance that must be endured.

From the Baltimore Sun

Examination and weighing of these confessions and data may lead to important conclusions or they may not. With that at the moment we are not concerned. What matters is that more than a year after the executions a magazine has gone on searching for new evidence, thinking such evidence must exist, and has, apparently, found it or part of it. The discovery shows that complicated as was the case, not all of its complications were known, and the very effort of seeking for the evidence speaks for the dissatisfaction of many temperate persons with the tragic termination.

Such separate and private inquiries, with the attitude of mind behind them, strengthen the feeling that the executions were unwise and untimely, offering no solution but only darker problems which touch upon more than the emotions of pity and indignation; which touch upon principles and a sense of right and wrong, justice and injustice. That is why the case cannot be forgotten or closed, and why indeed it became not merely a remarkable case but a major national experience.

From the Bridgeport Post

The headlines of the magazine would plainly mislead the casual reader into believing that The Outlook had unearthed some evidence dealing with the murder at Braintree, Massachusetts, for which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. But The Outlook had not found any criminal so obliging. The confession covered another and entirely different holdup at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, for which Vanzetti was convicted prior to his conviction for murder. This then is the basis on which The Outlook sweeps aside all the administration of justice in the state of Massachusetts and publishes its deliberately inflammatory and intentionally misleading headline. Confessions of the kind cited in this article are worth about a nickel a pound and may be arranged ad lib.

From the Lewiston, Maine, Journal

The story may be the truth, but it scarcely has the ring of truth, as it is now given to the public.

Sacco and Vanzetti's case was one of the most noted of recent years. It was tried carefully. Every protection was given the accused. There were appeals and pardon petitions, claims of new evidence, all of which were given careful consideration and investigation. Finally, a committee composed of thinking men, part of whom had, from their readings of the trial, felt that the men were innocent, and its conclusion was that the verdict was a proper one.

From the Milwaukee Journal

Here is a substantial confession, with many details checked to the satisfaction of the several men whose stories The Outlook prints. Though it cannot be said to be proved, it does cast fresh doubt on the prosecution which led to the conviction and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Here is very much which the State failed to learn about the case, or if it learned, failed to bring out. Here is a very circumstantial challenge to the holdup case that was made out against Vanzetti on a charge that brought him a penalty of fifteen years imprisonment. Considering how the holdup and the murder cases were intertwined . . . this is something that Massachusetts cannot ignore or belittle.

From the New Republic

What does he (Governor Fuller) say to the Silva confession? His answer, made this week through his secretary, is what was to be expected from a man of his stamp. He states that "he is not any more impressed with this confession than he was with the confession of Madeiros." . . . There is nothing surprising in this. Only men of the most stubborn and dogmatic turn of mind would ever have accepted the responsibility assumed by President Lowell and himself, or have acted as they did. Today these men, the other members of the advisory committee and the various state officials chiefly concerned in the trial and execution of those who may now be described as almost certainly two innocent victims, have a vested interest in maintaining the view that Sacco and Vanzetti had a fair trial and were guilty. If Governor Fuller were to admit that these men were innocent, he would need to confess to himself that he had been guilty of a terrible piece of folly which had not only cost the lives of two men, but had done more harm to the reputation of American justice, had cost more bitter passion, than anything else of this generation. He would need to confess a degree of mental incompetence in himself which would not permit him to continue to hold high public office . . . It is no wonder, therefore, that he sends word through a messenger that he is "not interested" in evidence which seems to show that in the greatest crisis which has come to any American Governor within memory, he abjectly and miserably failed.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Home Towners"

IF YOU DON'T care for "The Home Towners," don't blame George M. Cohan; blame the person who got the idea that this Cohan comedy drama would make a good talking movie. "The Home Towners" totally lacks action or variety, and the stage version must have depended for its success on the speed at which it was played. If it had dragged along as interminably as the picture does, its stay on Broadway would have been something between two yawns and a cat nap. We never saw "The Home Towners" on the stage, but, having seen the movie and tried to imagine what the original must have been, we're led to the belief that it was probably a pretty good show. The idea of having the villains turn out to be awfully nice people, whose villainy is only existent in the "Main Street mind" of a small-towner, is an excellent one, and Mr. Cohan has developed it smoothly and to the accompaniment of some generally smart dialogue.

Where the screen presentation of "The Home Towners" falls down is in the matter of pace and in the overemphasis laid on the dialogue by the use of a close-up for virtually every speech. This method may be necessary in the making of a talkie, but for the life of us, we can't see why. The effect of it is to narrow the visual aspect of the performance down to an endless series of jumps from one character's face to another character's face and back again, with the result that the action appears to be going on in two rather remote clothes-closets.

This is too bad, because it reflects so inadequately the real possibilities of the talking picture. To fulfill its promise, the talking picture should give its audience great gobs of that scenic scope which the stage can't give them.

Until they do this, a lot of people, including ourself, are going to be disappointed. "The Singing Fool" was a far better picture in this (and every other) respect than "The Home Towners," and even "The Terror" surpassed it as entertainment. Let's hope that the Warners and other producers aren't going to play up dialogue to the exclusion of everything else, because "The Home Towners" shows with remorseless clarity that it can't be done. It all goes to show that the talkies are still in their infancy with a lot of fixing to be done before directors finally get on to their possibilities and limitations.

"The Wind"

THE ELEMENT from which this picture gets its title bloweth, we are informed, where it listeth; the picture does the same. It rambles on through a series of the most dismal scenes we've ever sat through to a conclusion for which "meaningless" would be too complimentary a term. Long before the end was reached Director Victor Seastrom had given the whole thing up as a bad job and gone to Santa Monica for the week-end, leaving the picture to sough and moan its way around and around the defenseless form of Lillian Gish, who had nobody to guide *her*, either.

MAIN STREET IN ACTION
Richard Bennett and Doris Kenyon add to the gayeties in "The Home Towners"

One of the many things Miss Gish does well is to go crazy. She goes crazy in "The Wind" (and no wonder) and does it as acceptably as one could wish, but unfortunately the bright spot this provided comes so late in the story that one's power of appreciation has practically taken the count.

One episode, however, brought this department to life! "The Wind," be it known, has a "sound" accompaniment—one of the weirdest yet. Near the end of the picture a barking dog is introduced. Who does the barking for this dog, we do not know, but it was such an epically bad imitation of a dog that it very nearly redeemed the picture. The unknown impersonator next howled for the dog, and our cup was full. Thus may an obscure toiler in the ranks contribute the tremendous trifle that leavens the loaf. We feel that his name should be handed down for the praise of a grateful posterity.

"Show Girl"

SOME OF "Show Girl" is J. P. McEvoy's and some of it is the nuts. We remember reading a swell piece written a year or so ago by Mr. McEvoy disclaiming all credit for a certain scenario. He felt (he said) that it would be unfair to the person or persons who had changed it until he couldn't recognize it. He might write a similar disclaimer for "Show Girl" but he probably won't, because "Show Girl" is just good enough to look like a hit. Alice White is a cute little Dixie Dugan, and Charles Delaney is fine as Jimmy Doyle.

What *might* have been done with the season's best assortment of bright cracks—Mr. McEvoy's book—will never be known. So let is pass.

"Dry Martini"

"DRY MARTINI" proves that a man of Harry D'Arrast's ability in directing comedy doesn't need a story to work with. The plot of this latest picture of his is simply non-existent—and you are glad of it; for, not having to bother about such trifles as a plot, Mr. D'Arrast has more time for the ultra-smart fooling of which he is a master.

The cast of "Dry Martini" includes Mary Astor, Sally Eilers, Albert Conti, Matt Moore, Albert Gran and Hugh Trevor, all of whom are admirable. Mr. Gran fails to overact, for the first time in his life, thus making it possible for this department to give him a good notice. He has the leading part in "Dry Martini," and his handling of it does a great deal to enhance the joys of this thoroughly delightful picture.

Mr. Fox is hereby congratulated on having added Harry D'Arrast to his staff. The boy is clever.

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Eighteen Days Out

By LUCY HARVIE POPE

Cork helmet packed carefully away among her boxes (they are "boxes" once Southampton is left behind), Lucy is on her way to Northern Rhodesia. Probably she is at her mining camp as this is written, forty miles from the railroad, where she has gone to take up the post of secretary to the manager of a new copper mining property. In the Outlook for September 12, the author described preparations for the great adventure. When this was written, she was one day off the boat at Capetown, doubtless with the cork helmet unpacked, ready to be initiated to Rhodesia's sun

ON the trip from Southampton, England, to Capetown, South Africa, the Castle Line boats make one stop, at the Island of Madeira. On a seventeen-day trip, with only the one break, we innocently thought that every one would debark at Madeira; but when we arose at seven in the morning to go ashore, we found ourselves alone in our glory.

We learned later that by getting off at Madeira you brand yourself once and for all as a tenderfoot; no one who has been to South Africa before ever does anything so childish. On your second trip you merely stand on deck as the people return from Madeira, and smile in a superior manner down your nose, a practice in which the British as a nation excel.

As early as seven we found the water swarming with rowboats full of Portuguese and wicker chairs. Industry in Madeira must be largely based on selling wicker chairs to tourists on the Castle Line; since the steamer chairs provided by that line are extremely uncomfortable, the Island does an animated business.

You go ashore at Madeira in a steam launch, and are pulled to the start of the funicular railway in a small vehicle which is a cross between a buggy and a sled; the top is the inevitable wicker, and it goes on runners instead of wheels. It is drawn by donkeys, who gallop enthusiastically up the steep, narrow street, egged on by Portuguese, who gallop alongside. While in full gallop, the Portuguese, alternately utter encouraging cries to the donkeys, and tell you the story of their lives, including how much they would appreciate a tip. Opera singers who take breathing exercises for lung expansion ought to go and take a look at these Portuguese lads in action. They'd be surprised.

The funicular railway takes you up almost perpendicularly to the top of the mountain. You get a grand view of the Atlantic, and of your boat, which by this time appears to be the center of an island of wicker chairs. After consuming large amounts of breakfast in the picturesque little hotel, you reach the climax of the trip, for you come down the mountain by a still steeper route, seated in a wicker chair, again on runners. You slide rapidly all the way, nothing between you and destruction but a couple of Portuguese, who run behind, holding on to the rear of the chair. As they ride on the runners most of the way, and as the road is cobble stoned and twisted like a corkscrew, it is a hair-raising experience.

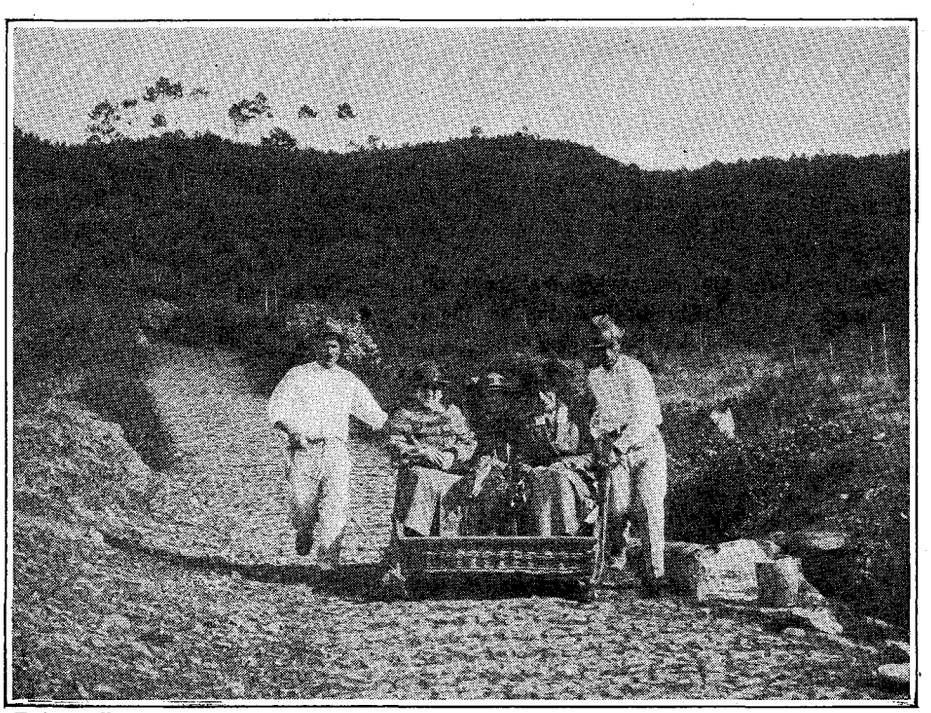
The Portuguese haven't as much time to devote to conversation coming down as they had going up, but being an essentially sociable people, who make the most of their opportunities, they don't neglect it altogether.

SMALL Portuguese children line the way down, all holding out their hands, and all demanding sixpence. They must be born with the word in their mouths; no baby is too young to utter it when he sees anything resembling a tourist. The rate of speed at which the tourist careens by does not daunt them; if they are big enough to run, they join the general descent, until it assumes the proportions of an avalanche hurtling down the mountain.

At one saloon the procession is abruptly halted; the official runners tell you they need a drink in order to get down the rest of the way; the promiscuous runners tell you they need one on general principles. Everybody has a drink all round, after which everybody's speed is accelerated, and the bottom of the hill is reached in short order.

It is almost sailing time, so you plow your way back in the launch through the phalanx of rowboats. The high pressure of wicker salesmanship has now reached the boiling point; the air is filled with frenzied sales talk and frantic gesticulation. Other Portuguese, selling Madeira lace, flap their wares in the breeze and utter passionate cries as the anchor is raised, and the boat slowly swings round.

A fleet of rowboats follows for quite a way; and our last sight of Madeira



Ewing Galloway

LOCOMOTION IN THE MADEIRAS

"Nothing between you and destruction but a couple of Portuguese"

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included a bobbing mass of wicker, above which brown arms waved in windmill-like gestures, eloquent of a grim determination to die in the last ditch.

International relations suffered a severe strain in the bridge tournament which took place shortly after we left Madeira. I drew for my partner a member of the English Parliament who had strong ideas on the subject of doubling an original bid for a take-out. He viewed the practice with alarm, as being anti-British, or something equally pernicious, and declined flatly to have anything to do with it.

He also held views about post mortems. He informed me before we began that above all things in life he detested post mortems. He made the solemn proposition that we should proceed on the theory that each of us was doing his or her best, and that if one of us made an error, it was because he or she did not know any better, and it was therefore useless to discuss it afterward. I considered this an excellent arrangement, so we shook hands on it, played our first match, and in spite of a slight flurry caused by the question of the indicatory double, won.

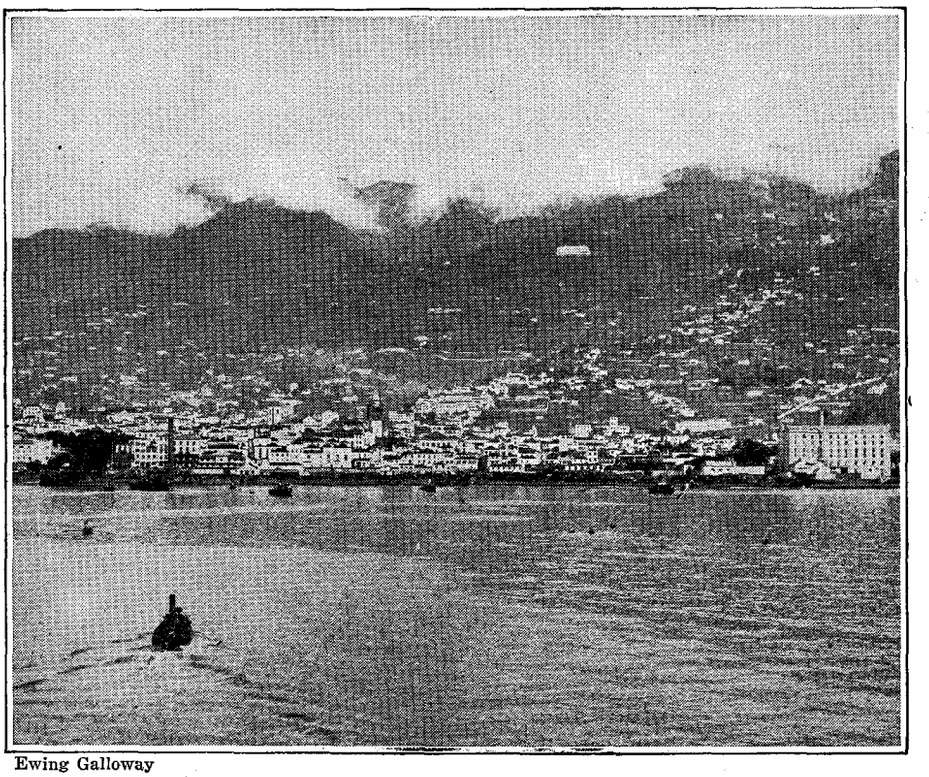
The next morning I went for a swim before breakfast in the ship's pool. I dived, and on coming up, found the head of my bridge partner protruding from the water beside me. He took one look, and lost no time.

"Young lady," he intoned firmly, omitting a preliminary good morning, "if you had led me a club on the second round of that third hand last night, we could have taken three more tricks!"

This remark, coming so early in the morning from one who had held forth for the better part of fifteen minutes on the subject of post mortems, was a distinct surprise. I opened my mouth, swallowed quite a lot of the swimming pool, and closed it again. Of what use to argue with a member of Parliament? I listened in silence, as we swam round and round the pool, to a card by card account of how the three extra tricks could have been accomplished.

The tournament proceeded, and we proceeded with it as far as the semi-finals, but from that hour on post mortems were unconfined.

A FORM of entertainment in which the Castle Line specializes is a ship-board Derby, which takes place one evening during the voyage, and is a very festive occasion. It is literally a tape-cutting contest.



Ewing Galloway

CENTER OF THE WICKER INDUSTRY

Funchal, chief city of the Madeira Islands, from the harbor

Pieces of tape, six feet long and half an inch wide are attached by one end to a horizontal bar. A contestant, or lady passenger, starts at the other end of each tape, armed with a pair of dull nail scissors. The idea is to cut the tape in half from end to end, without severing it crosswise. The tape may not be pulled tight, nor may it be held by more than the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, while cutting. If you think this is easy, try it in the home some rainy evening. It belongs in the general category of climbing a greased pole. The race is run off in heats, and the betting is heavy. Being told by an over-optimistic boy friend that he has bet ten pounds on your ability to handle dull nail scissors is far from soothing to the nerves.

Half the sport of the races lies in the names of the entries. A paper is posted beforehand, giving five columns in which you can sign up for the race, and at the same time display your readiness of wit. Some of the specimens of humor on our boat will illustrate:

Order	Horse	By	Out of	Jockey
Mr. Smith's	Short Skirts	Ran	Material	Miss Jones
Mr. West's	Charleston	Feet	Order	Miss Henry
Mr. Brown's	Solo	Saxa-phone	Tune	Miss Flint
Mr. Wilson's	Limp	Knee	Joint	Mrs. Wilson
Mr. Hall's	Hot Stuff	Flapper	Boarding School	Miss Lewis
Mr. Kane's	Indigestion	Oyster	Season	Miss Pope

Since we were almost the only Americans on board, and since few of the other passengers, English or South African, had ever been to the States, our conversational opportunities were unusual. There is nothing quite so exhilarating as to be able to inform people who have never seen it about so large a piece of real estate as the United States.

I therefore replied freely to questions about prohibition, Al Smith, the Civil War, Indians, divorce, American negroes, the Ziegfeld Follies, cowboys, Boston, Rotary Clubs, co-education, the price of gasoline, slang, Sears Roebuck, immigration, crime in Chicago and the height of skyscrapers in New York.

We probably broke even in the end, for they retaliated with stories about adventure in Africa that would have made Mr. Rider Haggard or Mr. Theodore Roosevelt burst into loud sobs and crawl from the room on all fours. This mutual play of unleashed imagination served to pass the seventeen days in a pleasurable manner, and it was with regret that we landed yesterday at Capetown, under the spectacular cliff of Table Mountain.

Africa at last; only a few days more, and we will be in the midst of big game and diamonds, natives, gold and tsetse flies. Armed with sun helmets, quinine and mosquito boots, we are ready for anything the dark continent may have to offer.

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

AT THE END of the current over-emphasis season it will undoubtedly be found that a lot of new records have been established; never will metaphors have been so magnificently scrambled; hyperbole, like brokers' loans, will reach an unprecedented figure; the English language will be tackled and punted out of existence; and thousands of simple folk will continue to believe that there is nothing, after all, quite like college football, where the clean-living, fun-loving youth of the land goes out and battles solely for Alma Mater and love of the game.

If sixteen-year old Hooney kicks a football to seventeen-year old Sweeney, several million readers of the nation's press will read the next day a harrowing tale of a "punting duel." Gangling Smith tackles gangling Jones and reference will be duly made to a "battle of Titans." Anything over a kindergarten game will of course be characterized as: a, a battle; b, a clash; c, a duel. Halfback Simpkins's lumbering progress through a crowd of schoolboys will turn out to have been nothing other than a "rapier-like thrust." Such words as "savage," "ferocious" and "deadly" will be applied to the activities of any dozen or more over-emphasizers, be they puny tyros or bald-headed "seniors." And when Harvard meets Yale or Choctaw meets Griggsville, some two or three hundred sport writers will suddenly find inspiration in the fateful words of the Battle of the Marne and quote tempestuously: "'They shall not pass!' Those were Choctaw's words on the eve of the epoch-making onslaught."

Any player named Harry will of course be known as "Light Horse Harry," and if his last name happens to be Blumenfeld, why so much the better. Sobriquets like "Dynamo Gus," "Steamroller Pete," or "Phantom Joe" will be freely coined for countless "warriors," and the backfield of the Montezuma High School will naturally be the "Four Horsemen." *(Vide: gallop, charge, "rode to victory," cavalry, etc.)*

"With his usual steam-roller tactics, Phantom Joe Gherkin pounced on the ball and crashed, like an arrow from the bow, straight across the goal line just as the whistle rang down the final curtain." Or if he didn't "crash" like the arrow, probably he "seeped" much in the fashion of a seeping rifle bullet or made a "thrust" like the steam-roller from which he gained the nickname of "Phantom." All of these things are quite possible when Choctaw meets Griggsville and the fodder's in the shock.

Take the matter of injuries to the players, for example—for any game full of lethal words like "barrage" and "cannonade" and in which people "batter" and "crash" is bound to have its casualties—why not this bulletin?

"Hanover, N.H., November 10, (A.P.)—Al Marsters, slashing ace of the Green, is reported to be improving rapidly. Marsters is said to have breakfasted this morning on prunes, corn-flakes, poached eggs, toast and coffee and to have enjoyed the meal greatly. He has completely lost that tired early morning feeling and hummed a brisk tune, friends declare, while shaving himself.

"'I always feel better after breakfast,' he is reported as saying.

"His color is said to be good. His pulse is 75, according to reports, while his temperature is given as 98.4, precisely—so the doctors say—normal."

YES, the over-emphasis if anything is a little more severe this year than hitherto. The "Boston Herald," perspiring with exertion in behalf of Mr. Hoover, breaks off four days after the game to pant—in a leading editorial—that the Harvard-Dartmouth game brought a whole lot of perfectly dandy fellows together and that a pleasant time was had by all. Likewise in the "Herald" appeared a story about Jess Hawley, coach of the Green Juggernaut, that threw me into a deep reverie. Hawley, it appeared, was arrested for a traffic violation while driving to Cambridge for the game. But of course as soon as it was learned by the remorseful cop that he had pinched such a tremendous personage as Hawley, he was full of apologies and bade the coach god-speed with the words: "There isn't a jail big enough in Massachusetts to hold you!" Heigh-ho.

A few days later I picked up a paper and read that a list had been published at the Oklahoma A. and M. college, proscribing as "yellow dogs" all eligible students who failed to "come out" for football. The team had lost four straight games, don't you see. Then came winged words from Coach Meehan of New York University which had happened, strangely enough, to fall right into the lap of an Associated Press correspondent: "Here was this young fellow Strong, the leading scorer to whom every touchdown probably means a chance for greater fame, arguing that Follet should take the ball instead of himself." Self-sacrifice, if you catch his meaning. Read on: "Follet did take the ball, but was stopped after a short gain and *it was Strong who made the touchdown,* sweeping around Colgate's right end." Which, to this jaundiced scribe, is about as thin a tale of self-abnegation as ever made the headlines anywhere. The headline, incidentally, was this: "N.Y.U. Star Hero of Inside Story."

THE REAL PEARL of the season, to my mind, was a New York "World" story. A certain Jack Lippert of that paper journeyed up to West Point to over-emphasize the Army's halfback, Cagle. Mr. Lippert brought back a tale that reminded me greatly of Max Beerbohm's visit to Algernon Charles Swinburne or the ecstatic sort of letter one writes home on seeing Paris for the first time . . . "There he walked within easy reach so that a child could have run right up and tackled him. No ghost nor eel now, no apparition. He was solid, well turned, not tall and not heavy. He was trim at the waist and looked balanced all over. He turned to say something and made it easy to see his eyes. They were keen and friendly and blue-like gray." (I'll bet a lot of people used to tell Lippert: "You ought to *write* with a gift like yours.") Continue: "He put a hand to the top of his head, throwing back the hood and revealing—What! Was this RED Cagle? THE Red Cagle? His hair was too brown to be even auburn."

Well, after all, I suppose Lippert's trip wasn't entirely wasted. I might have gone on blundering through life all too ignorant of the fact that Cagle's hair is really brown and that his keen eyes are friendly and blue-like gray . . . Ho, hum—I believe a nap would make me feel a bit better. Stuffy in here, or something . . .

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Indian Summer of Richard Strauss

By EUGENE BONNER

IT IS NOT at all improbable that the year 1928 will go down in musical history as the Indian Summer of that last of the great post-romanticists, Richard Strauss.

Since early spring the papers, musical and otherwise, have been full of him, his doings and his newest work. Notwithstanding the fact that the centennial of Franz Schubert's death has been responsible for festivals throughout the entire world commemorative of that composer and his compositions, a living writer—and no ultra-modernist at that—has managed to attract as much attention to himself as he would have had not the celebrations in honor of the composer of the Unfinished Symphony been taking place elsewhere.

The reason for all this is of course not difficult to understand. To begin with most of us who received the greater part of our musical education in the early years of this Twentieth Century cannot altogether forget that only a few years ago Strauss was the last word in musical composition. Although with the advent of Igor Stravinsky and his Sacre du Printemps the year before the outbreak of the Great War the science of musical expression took a turn different from any that it had known hitherto, the great Bavarian managed, and still manages for that matter, to hold his own with a great number of musicians. Even though they are in no wise indisposed to follow the Stravinskys, the Bartoks and the Hindemiths into strange and fascinating regions, these musicians have nevertheless no idea of being unfaithful to one who has in the past given them so much genuine pleasure mixed, it must be admitted, with not a little pain.

Not since "The Woman Without A Shadow," produced nearly ten years ago, has Strauss given us what might be called a major work until this year. The little *opéra-comique* "Intermezzo" and the ballet "Whipped-Cream" were both trifles light and as much by the way as their titles imply. Therefore when the announcement was made that another opera from his pen, on the subject of the ever-glamorous Helen of Troy, would be offered to the public early in June, interest in this composer and his work was revived with a vengeance, the more so as a merry war was soon in progress as to which of two world-renowned singers would create the title rôle.

Berlin, Dresden and Vienna all announced Strauss festivals for their leading opera houses, with the result that many of his operas, ordinarily seldom heard, were revived and given sumptuous productions. Many pilgrims to the shrine of Schubert thus found themselves offering incense in the somewhat more ornate temple of the composer of "Salome" and "Elektra."

The new opera "Die Ägyptische Helena" was first produced early in June in Dresden with Elisabeth Rethberg of the Metropolitan Opera Company as Helena. This production, a glorious one in every particular, was followed five days later by that of the Vienna opera with Maria Jeritza, likewise of the Metropolitan Opera, in the rôle created by Rethberg.

Photo by Carlo Edwards

JERITZA AND LAUBENTHAL
As Helen of Troy and Menelaus

Now comes New York's Metropolitan Opera House with its production of this opera. Hugo Von Hofmannsthal's libretto, while extremely poetic in many respects, is really a most complicated one to follow. Having reviewed this opera at length on the occasion of its Dresden première (in The Outlook of July 4), we shall not go into the details of its plot.

Suffice it to say that it deals with the return of Helen of Troy and Menelaus after the Trojan war, of the determination of Menelaus to kill his erring consort and being frustrated by a benign and lovely sorceress named Aithra who causes them to be wrecked on an island off the coast of Egypt. By clever use of the old legend preserved by Euripides which claims that the Helen abducted by Paris was only a beautiful phantom and that the real Helen had been in a magic sleep for ten years under the care of Aithra's father, she manages to convince Menelaus for the time being of the innocence of his wife. Later on when the truth, with the aid of numberless potions, contrives to emerge the husband has decided that, guilty or innocent, he still loves the beautiful Tyndarite.

The production at the Metropolitan is lavish to a degree, following in the main that of the Vienna opera, which in our opinion was inferior to that of Dresden. Maria Jeritza repeats her Vienna interpretation and is first, last and always Maria Jeritza, never once suggesting the beautiful, cold creature of legend whom we call Helen of Troy. Her vocal shortcomings were rather painfully manifest, the great aria of the second act which Rethberg sang so superbly being considerably cut for her benefit. She was of course beautiful to look upon, but her beauty was not that of the glory that was Greece.

Rudolf Laubenthal was a most satisfactory Menelaus and seemed as much in the picture as his companion seemed out of it, while Editha Fleischer was a charming Aithra. Mr. Bodanzky made some pretty extensive cuts, particularly in the last act, and his tempi were often slower than need have been in the opening scenes.

While the music of this latest work is by no means the greatest work of the composer, there are nevertheless passages of great beauty that recall Strauss at his very greatest. We say "recall" advisedly, as there is little or nothing new in this score, but what he has borrowed, he has after all borrowed from himself. Even to say for one instant that this work approaches either "Rosenkavalier," "Elektra" or "Ariadne" would be absurd. Suppose we say that Strauss at his worst is infinitely better than many other composers at their best and let it go at that!

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

For Today or for Keeps

The Modern English Novel, by Wilbur Cross: Yale University Press.

Scheherazade, or the Future of the English Novel, by John Carruthers: E. P. Dutton Co., in the Today and Tomorrow Series.

Orlando, by Virginia Woolf: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Point Counter Point, by Aldous Huxley: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

READERS of fiction who are at all critically concerned for its present status as literature will find much to interest them in the two critical essays listed above. Especially interesting are Dr. Cross's comments on Joyce, as indicating that academic circles are becoming aware of the importance of this Irish genius. Both papers are able and stimulating if not startling, and both dwell upon what must to the average reader appear as the striking characteristic of the best contemporary fiction, the substitution of an intricate design for the familiar novel form. We are accustomed to think of art in terms of order as we see it, and, if this is especially true of the plastic arts and of music, we still must think of novels and poetry as the products of the creative impulse disciplined by a sense of order into a commonly comprehensible form. And it often seems as though the best of the post-war novelists had discarded form as we know it so that the line between their work and the critical essay, the satire or the expanded character sketch is a faint one. This has been especially true of the work of Virginia Woolf and of Aldous Huxley.

In "Orlando," Virginia Woolf follows a running, interweaving design and produces poetry in prose. We may take "Orlando" in twenty different ways; only not, as some solemn souls have done, as a move in an Einsteinian direction, toward the annihilation of time and space. That Orlando should have begun his career as a lad in Elizabethan England and ended it as a woman in 1928 is nothing more than any child will accept without a murmur in any fairy tale. We may take "Orlando" in its lesser ways; for the pleasant fun it makes of biographies; as a subtle comment upon the current preoccupation with sex; for its personal irony (for example, think of the creative artists you know, read the paragraphs which deal with Mr. Nicholas Greene, and shudder); for the gracious gesture which it is toward a great and gifted English lady. Or we may take it as a wonderful panorama of man's experience in the modern world, through the rise, flowering and decline of the romantic Anglo-Saxon age, compressed into the experience of one character; or as the complete portrait of a poet. Or we may take it simply as a *tour de force;* or revel in the beauty of the prose which tempts one to relax into pure sensuous enjoyment and let the mind go hang; or trace the development of style with subject and note how warmth rises gradually through the frozen clarity of the opening chapters until the last pages glow. But we are bound to take it as the final evidence needed to establish Virginia Woolf as a superb poetic talent, a spirit so lofty that it rides unassailed upon the disillusionment of the post-war world, that stormy sea in which all but the stoutest ships are lost.

We dare not speculate upon the permanence of contemporary work. "No good book," says Carlyle, "shows its best face first." We believe that "Orlando" will not open all its beauties to the casual reader nor cease to disclose new excellences to him who reads it for the seventh time.

Carlyle also said that "readers . . . should understand that cases may occur when a little patience and some attempt at thought would not be superfluous in reading." If that is applicable to "Orlando," which reads as sweetly as a stream flows in May, how much more is it true of "Point Counter Point," which reads like a palindrome, the same backward as forward, indeed of all of Aldous Huxley's work, however much the superficial reader may damn it as merely smart or as esoteric. Both patience and thought are demanded in reading "Point Counter Point," for it is very long and extremely complicated. There is in it incessant contrapuntal play of character against character and situation against situation. It must be indeed shocking to some of the presumably tender minded among the subscribers to the Literary Guild, which circulates it, and even the hardened reader will shrink from some of its brutality. Aldous Huxley's world is minute in its detail, and peopled with men and women who, having found out that nothing is worth doing, do not know what to do next; there is no game worth their playing even if there were a candle to light the board. So they expend their energies, scientist and soldier, big brother and sweet philos-

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Hounds of God, by Raphael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin Co. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Empress of Hearts, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead & Co. This is the old story of the Queen's Necklace decorated to suit the ladies. The author is a more accurate historian than Dumas but not so good a story-teller. Reviewed November 7.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. The latest work of our most popular poetess will delight most readers although it may disappoint the more critical among Miss Millay's admirers. Reviewed Oct. 31.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic deserves wide reading. It contains some of the finest of contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

Voltaire, by Victor Thaddeus: Brentano. This is an ill-written book, commonplace and vulgar in tone and compiled from secondary sources. Reviewed November 7.

Rasputin, by R. Fülöp-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

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opher, stenographer and misunderstood wife and aristocratic tart, in thinking up new ways of doing the oldest thing in the world, only to discover at the crucial moment that there is no new way. Out of such colossal disillusion Huxley has made "Point Counter Point" the most scintillating, the most bitter and the most serious of his novels. It is a notable piece of work and one of which this decade may very well be proud, but, as compared with "Orlando," its permanence seems doubtful. Huxley's creative talent, his critical sense, constantly at war with it, and his noble background of massed information combine to make his work as provocative as it is entertaining. But the very brilliance of its timeliness must work to date it indelibly. Our children, if they read "Point Counter Point" at all, will probably read it for data on a lost generation.

Other New Novels

Giant Killer, by Elmer Davis: The John Day Co.
Moses, A Novel, by Louis Untermeyer; Harcourt, Brace & Co.

BOTH these books are historical novels dealing with scriptural heroes. Both evidence a genuine concern for records and history, and thus escape the category of fantasia. At the same time both are more or less in modern dress, and often mask reflection and satire directed at a world three or four milleniums farther on. Here they part company. Elmer Davis with his David has an easier period and more diversified materials to deal with and gives us a delightful reconstruction with living characters. Louis Untermeyer has a remoter age, a more formidable hero, and a more ambitious intention and the result is more ambiguous.

For "Moses" is almost an attempt at an American Salammbô. The author has had the happy thought of weaving together with the story of the Lawgiver two figures now of interest to our times, Akhnaton and Tutankhamen. This background presents ample opportunity for a luxuriant exotic tapestry which Untermeyer, the poet, exploits with some success, especially in the long apocryphal outbursts of Nath, the rhapsodist. But the author tries to go beyond this and add portraits to his pictures and here he is less fortunate. The dialogue that should reveal them is labored.

The story presents Moses as really the son of the Egyptian princess by a Hebrew father. He grows up in the palace with Amenophis IV, later Akhnaton, the Pharaoh who tried to revolutionize the cult of Egypt in a spiritual direction, "the first individual in history." After the failure and death of Akhnaton, Moses goes to Midian, and then comes back to lead out the Hebrews, inspired by the religious conceptions of that Pharaoh. At the end of the Exodus and Wilderness wanderings Moses accepts the pure pacifism of the Pharaoh-prophet and turns over the people to Joshua. Unreal dialogue and diffuseness handicap the poetry and spiritual element of the book.

Elmer Davis has achieved a great success by confining himself to the given *dramatis personæ* of history and exploiting them as they stand. Trained historian that he is, he has mastered the documents. Much of his reading of events will surprise the layman, but, as he says, there will be here "few surprises for the graduate of a theological seminary." In the Achish section, (Joab's life at Ashkelon) and in the Joab-Bathsheba romance, we have legitimate parentheses in the data. Otherwise our book is a brilliant account of David's life and age that closely follows the records. "Giant Killer" is an ironic title, because David was one who by diplomacy, charm and luck ("Jehovah is with him") managed to get his giants slain for him by others, and to profit innocently by the crimes of others.

In the last and finest part of the book, the author has entered into the mood and insight of one of the great epic writers of the world, the anonymous author of II Samuel. Besides reviving for us that author's tableau in skillful paraphrase and dialogue he goes beyond it in a remarkable study of the figure of Joab. Throughout the novel Joab is favored over David. With true discrimination of the sources David is seen as primarily diplomat and "artist," though the debunking of the hero is carried a little farther than is warranted. But Joab who built David's empire here comes into his own. Not only his grim mastery of occasion, his single-mindedness and loyalty, but his romance and inner light, are developed. As the old warrior faces death before Solomon and Bathsheba, he was puzzled to explain to himself the uses of his life. Perhaps it was in having established, indestructible, the legend of David, destined to have a transcendent importance later. But, no, more likely if God cared for "anything at all, it was for something incommensurable with human standards." Reviewing his romance with Bathsheba, whom, contrary to David, he had given up out of a sense of duty as commander in chief, he "knew that he could and would have done nothing else, being what he was; and if the inscrutable order of the universe had wrecked him on his own integrity, that, he was inclined to think, was a reflection on God rather than on man." The book has these peaks of reflection, the rare phrases in a work that cap and justify the rest, and set on it all the seal of true art.

AMOS N. WILDER.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

RURAL HOSPITALITY
Etching by Harold Denison

Twopence Coloured, by Patrick Hamilton: Little, Brown & Co.

ACTOR, author, producer and director, here they are as they really are. This author knows the theatre. The

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actor especially is most capably handled; his mind, his aims, his faults and his virtues.

This is the story of a girl—one of the thousands who decide to "go on the stage." She has the "urge," but no preparation. She merely knows that there are stages for pretty girls to go on. The stage must be found. She will go on it and every one will be glad. Jackie comes to this conclusion at nineteen. The next thing is London, which is full of stages; and thanks to a chance meeting with an actor-playwright, she is launched on one of them. It happens to be a musical comedy stage. Jackie's disillusionment begins with her first rehearsal. But she sticks and even goes on the road. Next come small parts in road and stock companies. The actor-playwright becomes her lover but dies after a pleasant year with her. Jackie finds fewer stages to go on now. The truth is, Jackie is lovely but not quite an actress. She needs an influential friend. She clings for ten years, but no great success comes. Then she knows that it will never come and leaves the stage forever.

All simple enough as a story. Mr. Hamilton has made it a lively tale. There are truth, humor and gentle irony in it. The actors have all the vanities and conceits of the genuine article. The accounts of rehearsals, of directors and actors in action are good reporting. Mr. Hamilton has depicted the people who live in the atmosphere of the theatre the world over. The scene of "Twopence Coloured" might have been New York, Berlin or Budapest. The style in which the book is written is annoying at first reading. It irritates until one appreciates its relation to the subject. The exaggerated use of emphasis is appropriate to a story of the stage which is an overemphasis of life.

KATHLEEN KELEMEN.

The English Miss, by R. H. Mottram: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press.
Pigsties With Spires, by Georgina Carey: Dutton.
Mrs. Condover, by John Metcalf: Horace Liveright.

MR. R. H. MOTTRAM portrays his feminine types with a vigor and freshness not frequently found in contemporary fiction. He is apparently not at all enamored of the hysterical and erotic ladies so popular with novelists of the post-war period. A Spartan fortitude and essential integrity are the salient qualities of his women. They are not subtle, not perhaps, in the current sense, "interesting." Madeleine of "The Spanish Farm" was a figure of almost heroic proportions. Marny, "The English Miss," has a similar strength and nobility, with the difference that she is very young and English, gently bred, and also, in spite of all disillusionment, genuinely virginal in every important sense.

The war first robbed Marny of her lover and then in ironic compensation gave her his forlorn war baby, child of a slattern in a French village where he had been billeted. The English Miss thus grows up, but in the painful process of coming of age loses little of her naïveté or wholesome charm. The author has drawn her with a keen eye and steady hand. It is a fine, clean-cut characterization.

"Pigsties with Spires," by Georgina Carey, is a somewhat baffling book to the reviewer, in that it shows an uncanny shrewdness in characterization and mature logic in development of the theme, with occasional lamentable crudities in style. Such lapses, while infrequent, are particularly striking in a book of so much power and insight as this first novel. The book is a striking study of the psychology of a kept woman—her gradual moral disintegration to the point where she can dally with the idea of her daughter's supplanting her in her lover's favor. It is a new twist to the old situation, that other danger—"Autre Danger" which is familiar in the French drama—the fading mistress forced to yield place to her own child. Mrs. Demayne is a three-dimensional figure. The ultimate pettiness, monotony and dullness of her life are shown for what they are worth. The author says in effect, "Take it or Leave it!" By the time Miss Carey has led Mrs. Demayne the whole length of the primrose path it seems a mean and dusty lane indeed—hardly worth the treading.

"Mrs. Condover," by John Metcalf, is a type familiar enough in the United States, particularly in the regions which Mr. Mencken likes to call the Hinterland. The scene of Mr. Metcalf's novel is, however, an English suburb and not an American Fundamentalist community. Mrs. Condover is a composite of religious fanaticism and secret sensuality. Hysterical in both phases of her nature, her two dominant passions converge in her disastrous love affair with the preacher Shillito, "a fighting Christian." Mrs. Condover adores her lovely daughter, who is blind and a nymphomaniac, at the same time regarding her as a judgment from God for her own sins. For the sombre fateful character of Mrs. Condover, dominating a drab, middle-class background, this novel is well worth reading.

MARY SHIRLEY.

Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin: Bobbs-Merrill.
Jingling in the Wind, by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts: Viking Press.
Costumes by Eros, by Conrad Aiken: Scribner's.
Shanty Irish, by Jim Tully: Albert & Charles Boni.

NOW THAT wintry days are upon us, it is good to sit indoors and keep the body warm. But to have the cockles of the heart warmed is still better. That is what Julia Peterkin's novel "Scarlet Sister Mary" does. It is so rich a book, a work smelling so dearly of the rough, sweet odor of simple earthen things and people, that one closes it with the feeling of having lived and breathed for a while in a way that was healthy and clean. Here, for the third time, Mrs. Peterkin has written of negro life in South Carolina. As before, she achieves verity with her characters and her picture, giving American literature another valuable contribution to its recorded folklore. So seemingly uncomplex a race as the negro race is a tempting field of fiction for many writers today. Yet, how many writers can be named who do not give you the sensation of watching a show, looking at anomalies or waiting for the buffooneries of Mr. Bones? Mrs. Peterkin escapes such things; she is above them. Her book is real because she realizes that people, be they black or white, are fundamentally alike.

Here we have the story of Mary, brought up on the plantation by Maum Hannah and Maum Hannah's crippled son, Budda Ben. Mary, at fifteen, marries July, though she should have chosen June as the more substantial. But July could flash his teeth and sing songs and tingle a woman's blood. July left Mary for another woman and went away. Mary had already been turned out of the church after her marriage for dancing, but when the folks learned that Unex, her son, had arrived too soon by church standards, her sins were considered pure scarlet. For a while Mary almost broke her heart yearning after July. Then she found solace for herself and filled her cabin with children, laughing, boisterous children. Unex went away to the city. The years passed as swiftly as blackbirds in the spring flying above plowed

(*Please Turn to Page 1215*)

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

WHATEVER else may be said of book collectors, it cannot be said that they take their peculiar pleasures sadly. Certainly, not those of them who have taken the public into their confidence concerning their treasures. Of these none has shown himself more cheerful than Mr. A. Edward Newton of Philadelphia, whose enthusiasm for Johnson has not only made him famous wherever books are collected, but has finally resulted in his becoming one of the most widely read and popular writers of books about books: "The Amenities of Book-Collecting," "The Greatest Book in the World," and "A Magnificent Farce."

To these Mr. Newton has now added "This Book-Collecting Game" (Little, Brown), which will convince his admirers that his capacity for writing entertainingly about himself and his books is inexhaustible. As in the preceding volumes, an ample wealth of illustrative material drawn from the author's collection of rarities enhances these pages, both text and illustrations being printed by the new aquatone process. As to the merits of this process, which makes it possible to incorporate the illustrations into the text, opinions will differ. Certain pictures suffer in clearness and brilliance of outline, and there is a general effect of greyness on the page, but this may be due to the kind of paper used.

Once more Mr. Newton talks about himself and his books and any other topic, if more or less cognate, which happens to come to his mind. Those who like bookmen and their foibles can never get too much of that sort of thing. To others it will always seem intolerable. Modesty is not one of the outstanding virtues of a bibliophile's discourse about his library, and Mr. Newton is as self-satisfied as his remarkable library entitles him to be. His may not be one of the "great" libraries of its kind in America, but it is surely one of the most interesting. Nor is it necessary to be an ardent Johnsonian to follow him, for I, who care nothing for the eminent lexicographer, have always been able to smile tolerantly at Mr. Newton's enthusiasm and pass on to other matters which amuse or interest me more, such as the astonishing "points" which distinguish a desirable set of "Pickwick Papers" in the original parts from an undesirable one, or the fascinating presentation copies of George Moore by which that author is represented in Mr. Newton's library.

Mr. Newton repeatedly declares that he is not, as a rule, interested in making a complete collection of a particular author's works. He prefers to own one or several peculiarly interesting or favorite books. Thus, of George Moore's famous and excessively rare pamphlet, "Literature at Nurse," which was published for six cents and brings about $150 today, Mr. Newton's is a presentation copy to William Wilde, the brother of Oscar Wilde, and his copy of "Pagan Poems" bears the author's autograph inscription to Oscar Wilde himself. Another curious Moore "item" is a presentation copy to Henley of "Impressions and Opinions," in which George Moore is described as the author of "A Humourous Wife," instead of "A Mummer's Wife."

IF GEORGE MOORE, as I mentioned here a few weeks ago, can claim the distinction of having destroyed the old three-volume novel and the tyranny of the circulating libraries, at the end of his career he has been largely responsible, as Mr. Newton insists, for saddling us with another analogous burden. I refer to the issue of contemporary works, important and unimportant, in limited editions on large paper, most of which are ugly, costly and without any but a purely factitious rarity, since they can generally be obtained without difficulty from any dealer long after publication. It was Mr. Moore's example with "The Brook Kerith" which prepared the way for this practice which most book collectors and dealers deprecate.

It becomes all the more absurd when one reflects that people are buying these synthetic rarities in America, instead of collecting American authors like Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Thoreau, Lowell and their contemporaries. Poe, alone, of that period in American literature commands high prices. It is still possible to build up a collection of American authors in first editions for a modest figure, and, the nature of the book-collecting game being what it is, it is equally certain that some day such a collection will be costly and difficult to make. At present collectors look for Americana rather than American literature. I gather that if Mr. Newton were a young man he would begin, in the sure and certain hope that his library would increase in value just as all other first editions have increased in his lifetime.

OBVIOUSLY the person to form such a library is the boy of eleven who wrote to Mr. Newton of his intention of having a library like J. P. Morgan. Mr. Newton sent the child to the Morgan library, where he asked to be shown the Gutenberg Bible. "It was brought to him, whereupon he at once began to count the lines to discover whether the first pages were of the forty-or the forty-two line issue. And this at the age of eleven!" It is of such stuff that bibliophiles are made. Observe with what satisfaction Mr. Newton enumerates the distinguishing marks of a genuine first issue of "Pickwick Papers," or the subtlety which alone differentiates the first from the second edition of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Mr. Newton asks why the first edition of Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography" is not "collected." Perhaps because authorities differ as to what is the authentic first edition, he suggests. That may be, but surely there is no logic in this book-collecting game; it is a matter of whim and caprice, for the most part. To the bibliophile it may seem logical to ask why a certain author is not collected. To most people, it would seem logical to ask why is any author collected, especially when it is not a question of preserving some famous historical work. Amongst modern authors, for example, why are the first editions of George Moore and Joseph Conrad more valuable than those of John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett, while those of H. G. Wells are not sought after at all? Why is Bernard Shaw collected when almost every one of his plays is issued privately for copyright purposes before the publication of what collectors purchase as the first edition?

Neither Mr. Newton nor anybody else can answer such conundrums, but as his book agreeably demonstrates, no answers are required to make or mar the happiness of the true bibliophile.

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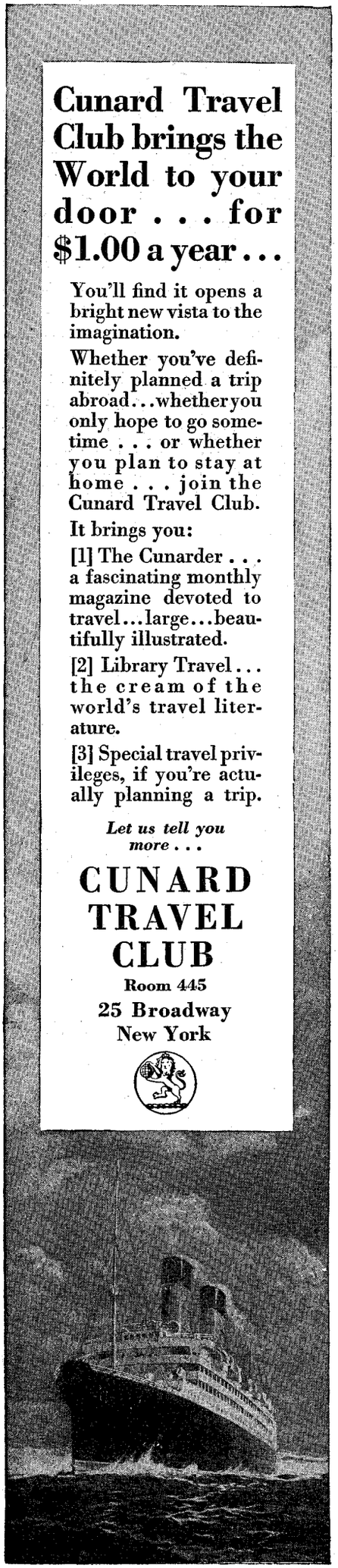
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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Maurice Baring's When They Love Doubleday, Doran

To tell in the first person the story of a distinguished writer in words that make you believe that he really is a distinguished writer is something of a feat in itself. We can remember more than one attempt of this kind which has left us not only cold, but clammy with disgust. But Mr. Baring does it easily, and in addition, in less than 200 small pages, maintaining always the point of view, he narrates convincingly the story of the shifting relationships among a group of people, which ends in complete frustration and tragedy for three of them. St. Clair, the narrator, in order to save an artist friend from a woman who may ruin his work, himself makes love to her. His own self-deception—in believing her a light woman—in believing that they are both playing a comedy—is the villain of the piece. We criticise only the supernatural touch at the end.

We find interest, entertainment or excitement frequently between the covers of these books we review, but seldom, as in this case, real distinction.

Edward Shenton's Lean Twilight Scribners

An attempt to show the gradual narrowing and coarsening of an initially fine character which results from an evasion of reality. But unfortunately the author himself has rather turned his back on reality, too, in allowing certain modern influences to undermine a really good method of presentation, evident in a former book. We believed that Camar, the heroine, was beautiful, but we don't believe much else that he tells us about her, partly because we are so smothered in Camar's incoherencies of thought. There was some splendid stuff in the former book, "The Grey Beginning." We don't care much about this one.

Rafael Sabatini's The Hounds of God Houghton, Mifflin

At his best, Sabatini is a first-class historical novelist. At his worst—well, read this one and see. A Spanish nobleman is cast ashore in England after the wreck of the Armada. He is found and looked after by a lady, whom, on his return to Spain, he abducts. She falls into the hands of the familiars of the Inquisition, and is only rescued in the nick of time by her lover, one of Drake's captains. The best scenes in the book are those in which Elizabeth of England and Philip of Spain appear.

Control on Canada's Countryside

(*Continued from Page 1193*)

But it is in the blood of certain French Canadians of the country sort to go on most glorious occasional drunks. The impulse appears to hit them suddenly and, without taking time to negotiate the distance to the Government store, they get whatever alcoholic concoction can be had. A regular bootleg supply appears to be practically non-existent except in the cities. So these few country spree-goers make drinks of flavoring extracts or whatever else they can lay glad hands on, and some of them get poisoned. A woman who keeps a little grocery down beyond the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré assured me that they would all be dead pretty soon and that then Quebec would be a thoroughly sober country. Personally, I have little hope of that good day even in Quebec. I have a neighbor in Tennessee who is still alive and fairly well, though he began getting drunk on lemon extract almost twenty years ago.

The fairly well populated regions of rural Quebec constitute but a small fraction of its vast territory. There are the great, wild, frozen regions stretching around Hudson Bay to the Arctic. When the rest of Canada was going for prohibition, Quebec was deterred by a belief in the minds of many that no prohibition law could ever be enforced over these tremendous reaches where the trapper, the trader and a few others live many days' journey from what properly may be called civilization. But for this belief, it is probable that the sentiment of the Quebec District would have outweighed that of the Montreal District and that Quebec would have gone prohibition at about the time that the other Canadian provinces did.

Is it possible in that territory to enforce a control law any more adequately than a prohibition law could be enforced? Probably. The Quebec Liquor Control Act contains one special provision for its wild territory.

"Every person having any trading post or industrial or mining establishment in New Quebec or other territory in the northern parts of the Province, designated from time to time by the Lieutenant Governor in Council, may sell alcoholic liquor at such post or establishment to its employes and to the people living in such territory. provided that a permit therefore be granted him by the Commission. Such permit may be subject to such conditions and restrictions as the latter may establish or impose."

(*Please Turn to Page 1217*)

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 1212)

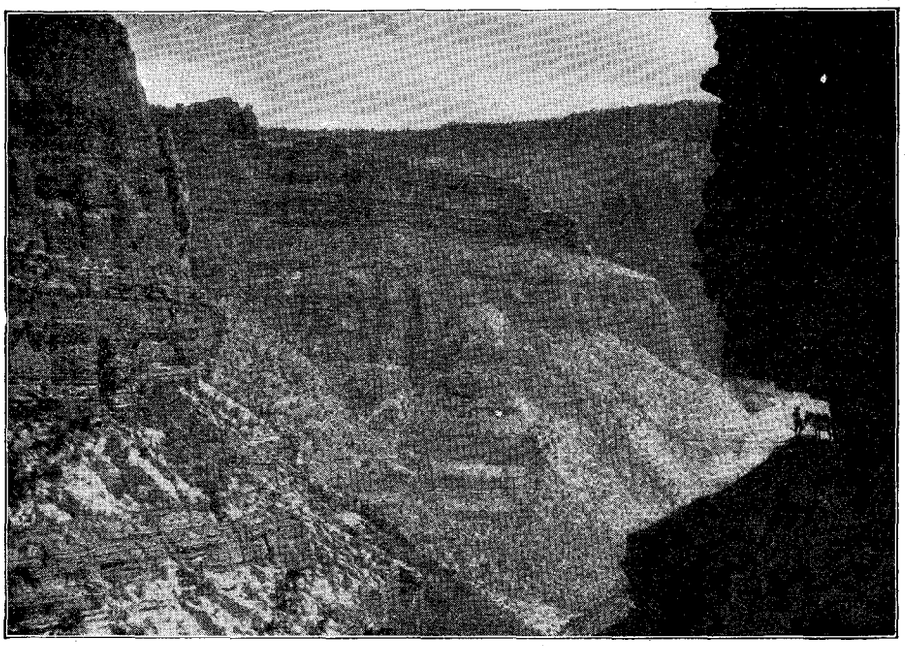
fields. July returned. Mary hardened her heart and turned him from her door. Unex came back to her cabin in time to die in Sister Mary's arms, watching the darkness that was blacker than his mother's face shut in upon him. Mary soon afterwards was reconverted, retaining, though, the love charm in her bosom.

This, the third book by a Southern lady of South Carolina, displays a remarkable advance in technique over the former books she has written. The material is artistically handled, the weaving of the book is deft and sure now. "Scarlet Sister Mary" has something quite noble about it. Mrs. Peterkin must be a right royal person.

Finished reading "Jingling in the Wind" a question arose. Why should an author with the ability to write so highly meaningful a book as "The Time of Man" turn her talents to fiction in so slight a vein? It is conceded that this most recent novel by Elizabeth Madox Roberts is delightful, charming and keeping company with similar adjectives, but when one can be the mate to descriptives such as inspired and wonderful, should one turn and spend time with the lesser gentlemen? Possibly the author wanted a few moments of amusement. It is clear that the surface presentation is merely a cloak to hide a more or less interesting commentary on the American scene today. It is good fun, this story of Jeremy the rain-maker, the rain-maker's convention and the wooing of Tulip McAfee, a lovely rain-lady. It is all rather significantly gay and the author has a grand old time of it, chuckling subtly enough and delicately enough at the travesty. It is written in pure, fresh prose. Nevertheless, when the spicy scent of this book's bouquet has long since been forgotten, the nostrils will still remember the aroma evoked by that other volume, "The Time of Man."

Passing from Miss Roberts's performance to a book of short stories by Conrad Aiden is not a difficult feat. It is not like going suddenly from one clime to another clime, even though the two writers are not very similar. Anyway it is not from hot to cold or the opposite. Conrad Aiken, even in his short stories, is the poet. In the present collection he, chiefly, shows himself to be a meticulous craftsman, neatly assembling words after an "Idea" has come to him. He is a bit too obviously interested in the technical problem, the experimentation, and he

(Please Turn to Page 1222)



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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

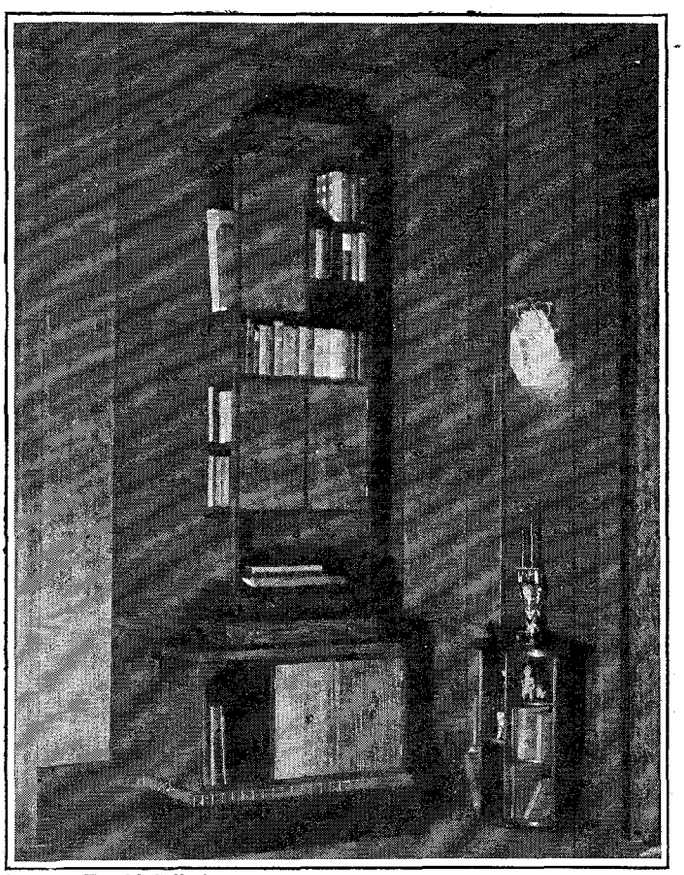
MAY WE CALL your attention this week to the fact that the merry Christmastide is all but upon us? And we feel that a few suggestions may be in order as to how to do Christmas inexpensively, and at the same time get ample credit for unbounded generosity. It seems to us that it has rather escaped the notice of ministers, writers, politicians and so on that the Christmas problem is really the Great American Problem. If you doubt the truth of this, consider by what a sweeping majority Mr. Smith would have been elected if he had introduced into his platform a plank pledging a satisfactory solution of it. The details wouldn't, of course, be easy to work out. Something like a Government dole could be arranged, by which every one would be paid the difference between the amount spent on presents for others and the estimated value of presents received. Economists would assert that this would greatly increase taxes, and that the amount received would immediately be paid out again; but as we understand it, all such measures work out that way anyway. That is not important. The important thing is the grand gesture. If you give generously the effect is created in the mind of the recipient, even if you take back a week later everything you have given, plus ten per cent for handling. And what a slogan for a candidate to be swept to victory on! Vote for Blank and a Happy Christmas. A universal appeal, far wider than the Full Dinner Pail, for instance. Or the five-cent fare.

Well, the political solution of this problem lies in the future. In the meantime each of us must work it out for himself, as painlessly as possible. The time to do it, however, is now, before all the ante-holiday newspaper advertising has convinced you that giving is really a pleasure. Now, untouched as yet by the expansive Christmas spirit, you know that it is not pleasant at all. Later, having read a lot of sales talk about the jolly Yuletide and waiting for Santa, and having seen pictures of Her saying "Just what I wanted!" and Him wreathed in smiles and the fumes of Christmas cigars, you will be in no fit mental or emotional state to resist.

We have given a lot of thought to this. We always felt that "Give until it hurts" was one of the worst slogans ever invented. Because any sensible person knows that it always hurts, however small the gift. It may be, as the Good Book says, more blessed, but it is certainly more painful.

So we suggest that you go, as we did last night, to the attic, trunk, drawer or Rumpelkammer where you have packed away last year's undesirable gifts, neatly ticketed with the names of the givers so that there may be no embarrassing errors, and soberly and seriously plan to whom you will send each of them. That is, of course, if you have saved them. Some passionate and uncontrolled natures simply heave angrily into the ash can, on Christmas morning, such things as zebra neckties, embroidered slippers, cut glass *ôbjets d'art,* and copies of Elbert Hubbard, without realizing their actual cash value. It is rather a pleasant sort of solitaire game to lay out all these objects, take off the price tags and then shift the names of the givers about so that each donor of an undesirable gift becomes the donee of another undesirable gift. We consider it the perfect form of solitaire; first, because it almost always works out, and second, because it really pays you something. And there's a poetic justice about it, too.

But enough of this for the present. We shall have other suggestions later, which will undoubtedly prove just as helpful.



Courtesy Frankl Galleries

SKYSCRAPER BOOKCASE
By Frankl

THE SKYSCRAPER bookcase we show you in the picture is made of native California redwood, with black moldings, and just above the base a band of metal which we think is nickel. It was designed by Paul T. Frankl, some of whose work you have probably seen, and more of whose work you will certainly see in the future.

WE HAVE SEEN a very nice electric lighter for use in the home. It is an ordinary socket for a lamp which screws into any lamp socket, and from the side comes a cord which hangs down with the lighter at the end. It works whether the lamp is turned on or not. Nice for a reading lamp beside a chair.

THERE'S a new electric toaster that toasts two slices of bread at once, horizontally, in a double rack that you can flip over when one side is done. Thus you can brown both sides without taking the bread out of the machine. We like this, because anything that simplifies breakfast is very welcome to us. There is something unsatisfactory about breakfast at best, and to burn your fingers on a toaster is sometimes Just Too Much.

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Control on Canada's Countryside

(*Continued from Page 1214*)

I, of course, could not take the time to penetrate far into those northern regions. Nor did I find any person in the Province of Quebec who claimed to know from personal knowledge how control works in the regions of the very remote trading posts. In Toronto, however, I found my man—fell into casual conversation with him in a hotel lobby at two o'clock one morning. He had been for several years trying to develop a mine of some strange mineral away up in that strip of Quebec which lies between Hudson Bay and Labrador. Finally, he reached the point at which he could exist no longer without seeing a horse race and so came to the Toronto Fair.

Before this gentleman started hunting ore in ice, he had hunted it for many years in alkali dust. He prospected the Great American Desert, joined in several gold rushes and intimately knew the Western boom towns of the "good old days." (The quotes are not his.)

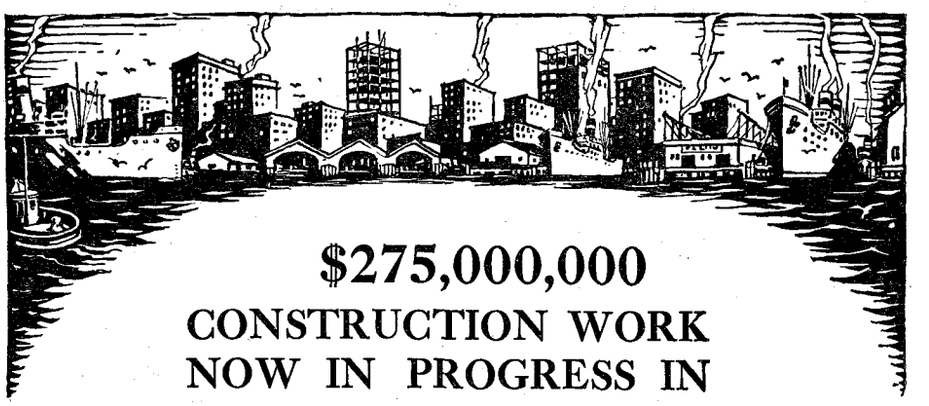
The only policeman in remote places, he said, is public opinion—what little there is of it. The man who runs the trading post in the Canadian north, like the man who ran the works in the Western mine town, enforces order if order is enforced.

"And," he continued, "it usually is. The trading post people up there have always wanted order, but they haven't always got it. They couldn't. Men who spend months at a time without seeing another human being are not easy to handle when they get back where other folks are. Now the trading post man is a Government official—oh, not really, you know, but the fact that he has a permit from the Government enables him to put it over with the people around. Order is better than it used to be—not much better, but some. And I figure that, in controlling wild men's appetite for booze, every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more."

That is meagre evidence, but it is all that I could find bearing on the vast north of Quebec. Nor have I very much doubt that it is a fairly accurate indication of affairs.

Down in the portion of Quebec where people actually live, the countryside is all plastered over with whisky and beer signs. Some of them are designed to appeal to the home folks, but most of them are made for American tourists. One frequently seen says:

(*Please Turn to Page 1224*)



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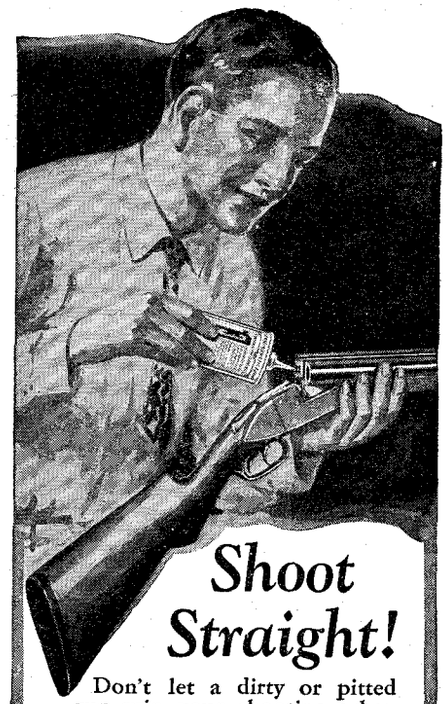

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Gridiron Wreckage

By HERBERT REED (Right Wing)

IT TOOK certain of the early November games to provide bits of the gridiron wreckage that seems to be inevitable in these days of all but impossible schedules. It is unfortunate that in some cases, notably that of Dartmouth, injuries had their part in the setback of what promised to be one of the finest teams in the country. This same casualty list had its part in delaying the best play of what every one knew to be a fine Princeton team in the making. Fortunately for the Tigers the regulars were in action against Ohio State in the course of one of the most important intersectional matches of the season, with the result that the Easterners earned a tie with one of the strongest elevens Dr. Wilce has turned out in many a year. This game brought out a point that I had thought to stress before this—the point that in the course of the swing through November, the big linemen would begin to realize, in the finesse of their play, on the painstaking coaching that had been going on for so long a time with results hardly apparent to the average spectator. October is the month of crude forward walls, November the month of polished play along the first line of defense. The result is that the linemen who are to occupy the lime light in the final games are already beginning to thrust their heads up above the mob.

Perhaps the most notable example of this finesse in developing line play, with its fruition in early November, was furnished by the line of the University of Michigan, a line that was responsible for the stopping of the fast traveling University of Illinois, the redoubtable Humbert and the equally redoubtable "Frosty" Peters to the contrary notwithstanding. Two great backs to be stopped, and stopped at last by a team that had lost four straight games and seemed to many of its supporters practically hopeless for the season. Yet I had felt that Michigan had the material this year if only it could be developed in time for the big games. The achievement of this Michigan line, then, reflects any amount of credit on the line coaches at Ann Arbor, led by "Tad" Wieman, and Yost himself, who should know the line game down to its last analysis, if it is known anywhere. Wieman's coaching is of the quiet but thorough type, while Yost's is of the more dynamic, and certainly epigrammatic type. At any rate, between them, with their assistants, they seem to have put together a line that at the very least matched the Zuppke forward wall, and that is a real achievement. So the hopes of the Illini for a clean slate in the Conference were found among the gridiron wreckage of a certain Sunday morning. Bad news went with the morning coffee at Urbana. Zuppke being a philosopher when philosophy is forced upon him, will doubtless recover and carry along his team to the brilliant finish so fine an eleven deserves, but if I know my Zuppke the Ann Arbor disaster will rankle not a little.

New York University, Juggernaut of the East, piled up along with the rest of the wreckage in the battle with Georgetown, which was less surprising than the victory-fed partisans of "Chick" Meehan's outfit might think, for Georgetown had a strong team and an alert one. One suspects that while nothing succeeds like success there are occasions upon which success has its drawbacks. In other words, New York had been so accustomed to prancing through and around almost any opposition that failure always to do so came as a sudden and, indeed, a much-needed shock. It is quite true that New York threw away many opportunities to score, but was deprived of others by the adamant defensive play of the strongest line so far encountered. Outside of actually losing the game I suspect that Meehan was rather pleased over the lesson learned by his team.

SORROWFUL indeed was the wreckage on the Pacific Coast where "Pop" Warner's famous Stanford team, although the aggressor throughout the game, was defeated by Southern California. Howard Jones's Trojans are likely to do just that sort of thing at the most inconvenient moments. It is apparent from long-distance reports of the game that while Stanford was defeated the Army can take little comfort in that. It was a meeting between two powerful and versatile elevens and it simply was not Stanford's day. There is no doubt that Stanford will bring East for its final tie-up with the soldiers one of the finest elevens Warner has ever turned out, and if he can win in the East he will count any little untoward happenings in his own sector as merely slightly annoying and nothing more. There is reason to believe that could

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the California football follower wander eastward for the great closing game of the season he would hardly recognize the Cardinals of his home experience. Warner has promised to launch a brand new attack against the Army and Warner will keep his word. It is possible that this brand new attack will be one of those that went into the waste basket in a certain hotel room in New York a couple of years ago. Upon that occasion Warner and Gilmour Dobie flew at each other with pads and pencils while Mike Thompson, the veteran official, acted as sole auditor and spectator. According to Mike the two famous coaches diagrammed and diagrammed for hour after hour, and then swept the result into the waste basket, which at the breakfast hour the hotel maid proceeded to carry out. "I wept," says Mike, in telling the story, "for there went the football wisdom of the ages." It is possible that Warner still remembers some of those plays, and that the "waste-basket pass" and the "trash-can tackle play" will be hurled at the heads of Biff Jones's cadets.

Seriously, though, with Warner on his mettle this coming clash should be memorable. There is hardly a coach in the country who does not acknowledge some obligation to Warner for learning in football, and for that matter, as matters stand at this writing there is little fundamental difference in the design of Warner's attack and the Army offensive.

NOTRE DAME was fortunate in escaping trouble on the November day of wreckage. In defeating Penn State comfortably, if not by a large score, Rockne was able to carry along without exposing anything of any importance to the Army scouts beyond the fact that his young team was coming along rather nicely, and that with the return of Fred Collins to the backfield, whence he had been absent because of injury since the Wisconsin affair, his eleven was much more formidable than it had been. It was apparent that in this case, too, the patient coaching of the line had begun to tell. The battle with the strong Army team will have been fought when these lines appear, but no matter what the outcome of that affair there is every prospect that when Rockne faces the Southern Californians at the close of the season he will have a team at command that will take a lot of beating, if any. So far as the Army is concerned Rockne will be in an ideal situation another season, for he will wind up the year with the soldiers, and the two can point for each other with the understanding that there will be no ands, ifs, or buts, but the matching of two great coaching systems with equal material.

IN THE MEANTIME, just around the corner is a Harvard-Yale game that ought to measure up to some of the great standards of the past. Yale has, to my way of thinking, as good an eleven as last year (regardless of the outcome of the Yale-Princeton affair). Loud, the new halfback, supporting Garvey, with the terrific Decker to clear the way, has proved a notable addition to the team this season, and there are other good backs available, some of whom will perhaps not be heard from conspicuously until they go against the Crimson. The whole Yale offense is practically the same as that put on by Tad Jones, and an effective attack it is. The passing, too, under the direction of Prichard, will be sound in pattern and execution. Hoben's generalship this season has not been quite as good as it was a year ago, but by this time it is fair to assume that he has worked the ordinary run of mistakes out of his system. He *can* be as good a field general as any that is in action anywhere in the country, and that kind of performance will be expected of him when he faces Harvard.

Harvard's ability to take care of Dartmouth surprised a great many people. It need not have done so, for there was the making of a great team at Cambridge from the start of the season. Freshened up by excellent sophomore material, this Crimson eleven has taken coaching a great deal better than any combination since the return of Arnold Horween. The plays are well devised, and in Putnam, Gilligan, French and Guarnaccia Harvard has as neat and effective a backfield as any coach would care to handle. French we knew all about, but Guarnaccia is making a fine name for himself. The Crimson line has been strong from the start. It is a powerful, rough (within the rules) forward wall, and gave an excellent account of itself against such a set of forwards as the Army possessed. If Harvard's ends stand up against the Yale sweep plays in better shape than a year ago, and there is every prospect that they will, the Yale-Harvard affair this time will not suffer in class by comparison with any of the other big games of the East. Mal Stevens, who succeeded Jones, has done a good job at New Haven, and Horween and his aides have at last shown their full hand at Cambridge. I think Yale should still be a favorite by a narrow margin, but it is certainly going to be a real football game.

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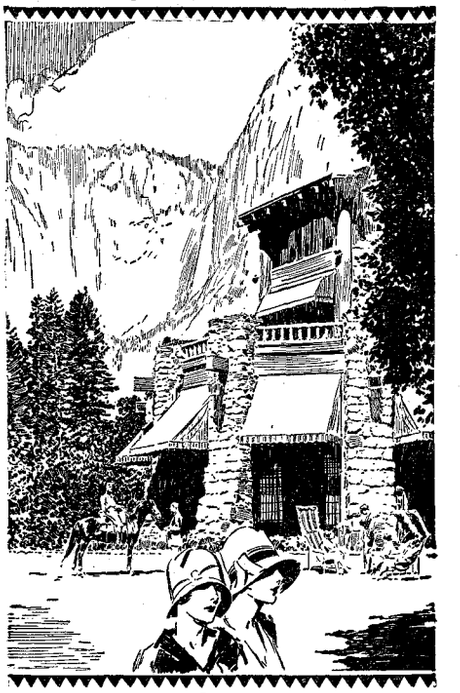

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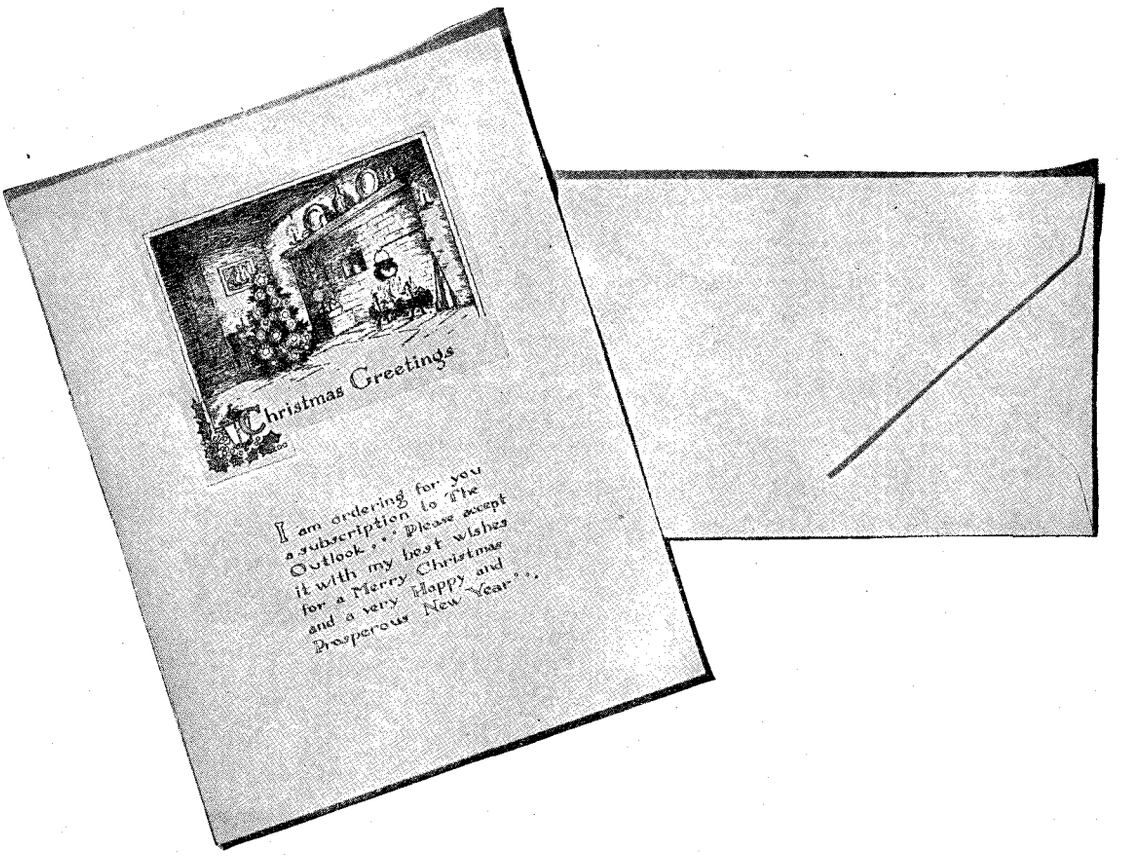
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White Coal for Newcastle

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

POLITICAL campaigners' persistent references to Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam and other water power sites have given the public a grossly exaggerated idea of the importance of hydro-electrical energy. The picturesque phrase, "white coal," and the stirring concept of harnessing a great natural force make it easier to ignore the fact that water power is running a poor second in its competition with steam.

Water power now serves, primarily, for the generation of energy to be used elsewhere. Not only has its development for purely manufacturing purposes ceased, but many mills whose machinery was formerly directly connected to water wheels have suspended manufacturing operations and have harnessed their turbines to electrical generators for the production of power as public utilities.

With manufacturing out of the picture, it is evident that further increases in the harnessing of the great amounts of potential water power still available must be dependent upon the demand for electrical energy. Unfortunately, falls of water seldom are located in the immediate neighborhood of large industrial centers. The power they can produce usually must be transmitted considerable distances to reach markets large enough to make their development a financial success.

In other words, the factor of marketing the power is more important than its production. What really counts is the cost of the energy at the far end of the line, at the point where it is to be used.

The competition of local generation by steam has been growing stronger and stronger. This has been the result of many contributing causes; to the improvement in steam turbines, to the still greater improvement in boilers and furnaces, and last and most important of all, to the development of mass production by very large units which the present extent of the load and the scope of electric service make possible. Ten years ago, two pounds of coal were required by the best plant to turn out a kilowatt-hour at the switchboard; today, one pound is enough. On the basis merely of cost of production, steam-generated power is coming down to the level of water-power.

The inherent nature of water-power development makes it a hazardous and expensive business. To justify the long and expensive transmission lines, substations and other equipment necessary to the marketing, as distinguished from the mere production, of hydro-electrical energy, developments of very considerable size, must be undertaken. Few realize the expense of dams, reservoirs, pipe lines and plants required to convert the energy of falling water into useful electric power. Still fewer realize that, before a single unit of power can be produced, the money must be raised, the land bought, the complete dam built, the power house building constructed, and most of the auxiliary electrical machinery installed. The period of construction is long and interest accumulates rapidly.

And there is a further difficulty. Once completed, a very large plant cannot immediately jump into the market and sell its entire output. Its very size imposes a most undesirable restriction. In the meantime, the interest on the invested capital mounts still higher, and compounds upon itself the interest on these arrears.

A STEAM PLANT, on the other hand, is comparatively immune from this destructive compounding of interest. Though planned for a size equal to the hydro plant, it can be built by units as the growth of the business or the economics of its market dictate. Each turbine can be erected with its own battery of boilers and auxiliary equipment. There is no huge plant waiting patiently for its accumulating load.

It is possible to compare accurately the performance of the latest type of modern steam station with the cost of power generated by hypothetical water-power plants at various distances from their customers. Using oil as fuel, such steam plants can now be constructed at an average cost of about $60 per horsepower of installed generating equipment. Operating at an average rate of fifty-five per cent of capacity, the usually accepted figure for large regions served both by steam and water-power, they will produce electricity at the station switchboard at an over-all cost of not more than .42 cents per kilowatt-hour. This embraces all expenses of fuel, maintenance, operation, taxes, 7½ per cent return on the investment and what is usually known as "depreciation."

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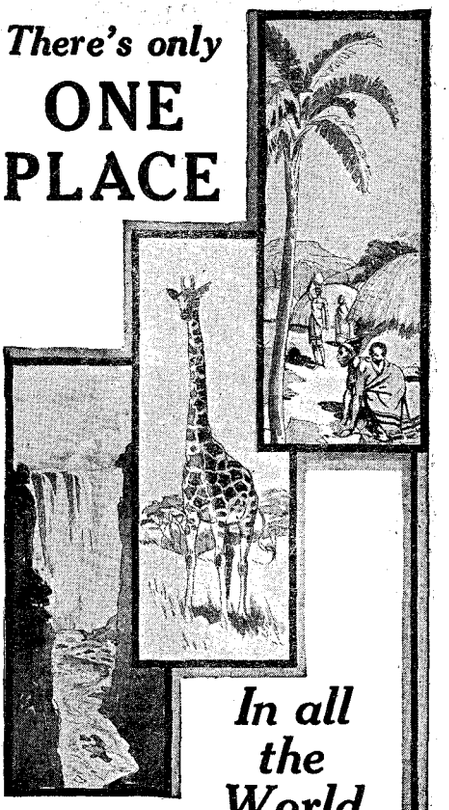

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electric plants must be able to deliver power to the consumer at a cost of not more than .42 cents per kilowatt-hour.

The Federal Power Commission has published a report on the average cost of construction and operation of modern high tension transmission lines. From its figures, it is possible to show the maximum investment per horse-power that may be made in water-power plants that must compete with steam.

The following table demonstrates how stiff a task the water-power plants face:

Distance from Market	Maximum Competitive Price at Plant, per KWH	Maximum Possible Investment (a) If total output is sold at once.
	0.42 cents	$294
100 miles	0.282	190
200 "	0.234	154
300 "	0.183	115
400 "	0.138	80

This table is drawn up on the assumption that the total output can be sold immediately. If there is any delay in finding a full market, the possible investment is considerably smaller.

The great majority of water-power projects cost more than $150 per horse-power and only a handful can be built for less than $100. The worth-while sites of any size that are still undeveloped and lie within two hundred miles of a good market are decidedly scarce.

If political dialectics, then, prevent the harnessing of water-power for years to come, the public need not feel that its loss will be very great.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 1215)

is a first-rate experimenter with now and then a something else.

"Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" is an exquisite and an exquisitely written story. There are others that are good, more than adequate as writing, but one feels, to quote Mr. Aiken, it is all "as one follows the flowing of a stream, with its innumerable sparkles and fluctuating," and finally forgetting the stream itself in observing these sparkles and fluctuating.

It is a matter of going from cold to hot in the case of turning from Mr. Aiken to Mr. Jim Tully. There is a grand character sketched in "Shanty Irish" which recounts some of the author's earlier days and tells of some of his kindred. The character is the grandfather, old Hughie Tully. It's too bad that the story was not confined to old Hughie, for the other parts of the book are pretty badly done, smacking as they mostly do of a raw and naïve translation of a Russian writer. Child-like simplicity in writing can sometimes become idiotic.

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Mencken

(*Continued from Page 1189*)

across whose backs it has been laid. In this connection I quote briefly from a volume of "Prejudices." Mencken gives a paragraph from the works of a well-known man of letters, then appends the most succinct, expressive and completely short-winded piece of unfavorable criticism I have ever read.

"Whenever in a world-historic war the side of righteousness has triumphed, a great overflowing of art has followed soon upon the fact of victory. The noblest instincts of mankind—aroused in perilous moments fraught with intimations of mortality—have surged and soared, beneath the sunshine of a subsequent and dear-bought peace, into an immeasurable empyrean of heroic eloquence. Whenever right has circumvented might, Art has sprung alive into the world, with the music of a million Easter-lilies leaping from the grave and laughing with a silver singing."

Upon which Mr. Mencken: "With the highest respect for a Magister Artuim, a pedagogue of Columbia University, a lecturer in Miss Spence's School and the Classical School for Girls, and a vice-president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters—'Booh'!"

How that one single brutal monosyllable pricks the balloon of intolerable rhetoric! it is precisely symbolic of what has been Mencken's rôle in contemporary letters, and, as seen through them, in contemporary life. No one has been able to cry "booh" with such authority or effect and the pity of it is that he should persist in continuing so to do at something which is too big for him and which he does not comprehend.

Control on Canada's Countryside

(*Continued from Page 1217*)

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